



THE  
L I F E  
AND  
O P I N I O N S  
OF  
TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

Ταράσσει τὴς Ἀνθρώπου τὰ Πράγματα,  
ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν Πραγμάτων, Δόξασα.

VOL. I.

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THE  
LITTLE  
AND  
OCEAN  
OF  
THE  
WORLD

VOLUME I

M. 20



To the Right Honourable

Mr. P I T T.

SIR,

**N**EVER poor Wight of a Dedicator had less hopes from his Dedication, than I have from this of mine; for it is written in a bye corner of the kingdom, and in a retired thatch'd house, where I live in a constant endeavour to fence against the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by mirth; being firmly persuaded that every time a man smiles, —but much more so, when he laughs, it adds something to this Fragment of Life.

I humbly beg, Sir, that you will honour this book, by taking it——(not

A 3

under

## DEDICATION.

under your Protection,—— it must protect itself, but) —— into the country with you; where, if I am ever told, it has made you smile, or can conceive it has beguiled you of one moment's pain —— I shall think myself as happy as a minister of state; —— perhaps much happier than any one (one only excepted) that I have ever read or heard of.

*I am, great Sir,*

*(and what is more to your Honour)*

*I am, good Sir,*

*Your Well-wisher, and*

*most humble Fellow-Subject,*

THE AUTHOR.

T H E  
LIFE and OPINIONS  
O F  
TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

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C H A P. I.

I With either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when they begot me; had they duly consider'd how much depended upon what they were then doing;—that not only the production of a rational Being was concerned in it, but that possibly the happy formation and temperature of his body, perhaps his genius and the very cast of his mind;—and, for aught they knew to the contrary, even the fortunes of his whole

house might take their turn from the humours and dispositions which were then uppermost ;—Had they duly weighed and considered all this, and proceeded accordingly,——I am verily persuaded I should have made a quite different figure in the world, from that in which the reader is likely to see me.—Believe me, good folks, this is not so inconsiderable a thing as many of you may think it ;—you have all, I dare say, heard of the animal spirits, as how they are transfused from father to son, &c. &c.—and a great deal to that purpose :—Well, you may take my word, that nine parts in ten of a man's sense or his nonsense, his successes and miscarriages in this world depend upon, their motions and activity, and the different tracks and trains you put them into, so that when they are once set a going, whether right or wrong, 'tis not a half-penny matter,—away they go clattering like hey-go mad ; and  
by



by treading the same steps over and over again, they presently make a road of it, as plain and as smooth as a garden walk, which, when they are once used to, the Devil himself sometimes shall not be able to drive them off it.

*Pray, my Dear, quoth my mother, have you not forgot to wind up the clock?— Good G——!* cried my father, making an exclamation, but taking care to moderate his voice at the same time,——*Did ever woman, since the creation of the world, interrupt a man with such a silly question?* Pray, what was your father saying?—Nothing.

## C H A P. II.

—Then, positively, there is nothing in the question that I can see, either good or bad.—Then, let me tell you, Sir, it was a very unseasonable question at least,—  
because

because it scattered and dispersed the animal spirits, whose business it was to have escorted and gone hand in hand with the *HOMUNCULUS*, and conducted him safe to the place destined for his reception.

The *HOMUNCULUS*, Sir, in however low and ludicrous a light he may appear in this age of levity, to the eye of folly or prejudice;—to the eye of reason in scientifick research, he stands confess'd—a *BEING* guarded and circumscribed with rights.—The minutest philosophers, who, by the bye, have the most enlarged understandings, (their souls being inversely as their enquiries) shew us incontestably, that the *HOMUNCULUS* is created by the same hand,—engender'd in the same course of nature,—endowed with the same loco-motive powers and faculties with us :—That he consists as we do, of skin, hair, fat, flesh, yeins, arteries, ligaments,

ments, nerves, cartilages, bones, marrow, brains, glands, genitals, humours, and articulations;—is a Being of as much activity,—and in all senses of the word, as much and as truly our fellow-creature as my Lord Chancellor of *England*.—He may be benefited,—he may be injured,—he may obtain redress;—in a word, he has all the claims and rights of humanity, which *Tully*, *Puffendorff*, or the best ethick writers allow to arise out of that state and relation.

Now, dear Sir, what if any accident had befallen him in his way alone?—or that, thro' terror of it, natural to so young a traveller, my little gentleman had got to his journey's end miserably spent;—his muscular strength and virility worn down to a thread;—his own animal spirits ruffled beyond description,—and that in this sad disorder'd state of nerves, he had lain down a prey

prey to sudden starts, or a series of melancholy dreams and fancies for nine long, long months together.—I tremble to think what a foundation had been laid for a thousand weaknesses both of body and mind, which no skill of the physician or the philosopher could ever afterwards have set thoroughly to rights.

### CHAP. III.

**T**O my uncle Mr. *Toby Shandy* do I stand indebted for the preceding anecdote, to whom my father, who was an excellent natural philosopher, and much given to close reasoning upon the smallest matters, had oft, and heavily complained of the injury; but once more particularly, as my uncle *Toby* well remember'd, upon his observing a most unaccountable obliquity, (as he call'd it) in my manner of setting up my top, and justifying the principles upon which I had done it,

it,—the old gentleman shook his head, and in a tone more expressive by half of sorrow than reproach,—he said his heart all along foreboded, and he saw it verified in this, and from a thousand other observations he had made upon me, That I should neither think nor act like any other man's child : — *But alas!* continued he, shaking his head a second time, and wiping away a tear which was trickling down his cheeks, *My Tristram's misfortunes began nine months before ever he came into the world.*

—My mother, who was sitting by, look'd up,—but she knew no more than her backside what my father meant,—but my uncle, Mr. *Toby Shandy*, who had been often informed of the affair,—understood him very well.



## C H A P. IV.

I Know there are readers in the world, as well as many other good people in it, who are no readers at all,—who find themselves ill at ease, unless they are let into the whole secret from first to last, of every thing which concerns you,

It is in pure compliance with this humour of theirs, and from a backwardness in my nature to disappoint any one soul living, that I have been so very particular already. As my life and opinions are likely to make some noise in the world, and if I conjecture right, will take in all ranks, professions, and denominations of men whatever,—be no less read than the *Pilgrim's Progress* itself—and in the end, prove the very thing which *Montaigne* dreaded his *Essays* should turn out, that is, a book for a parlour-window;—I find it necessary to consult every one a little in his turn; and



and therefore must beg pardon for going on a little further in the same way : For which cause, right glad I am, that I have begun the history of myself in the way I have done; and that I am able to go on; tracing every thing in it, as *Horace* says, *ab Ovo*.

*Horace*, I know, does not recommend this fashion altogether : But that gentleman is speaking only of an epic poem or a tragedy;—(I forget which,)—besides, if it was not so, I should beg Mr. *Horace*'s pardon;—for in writing what I have set about, I shall confine myself neither to his rules, nor to any man's rules that ever lived.

To such, however, as do not choose to go so far back into these things, I can give no better advice, than that they skip over the remaining part of this chapter; for I declare before hand, 'tis wrote only for the curious and inquisitive.

—Shut

— Shut the door.—I was begot in the night, betwixt the first *Sunday* and the first *Monday* in the month of *March*, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighteen. I am positive I was.—But how I came to be so very particular in my account of a thing which happened before I was born, is owing to another small anecdote known only in our own family, but now made publick for the better clearing up this point.

My father, you must know, who was originally a *Turkey* merchant, but had left off business for some years, in order to retire to, and die upon, his paternal estate in the county of —, was, I believe, one of the most regular men in every thing he did, whether 'twas matter of business, or matter of amusement, that ever lived. As a small specimen of this extreme exactness of his, to which he

was in truth a slave,—he had made it a rule for many years of his life,—on the first *Sunday-night* of every month throughout the whole year,—as certain as ever the *Sunday-night* came,—to wind up a large house-clock, which we had standing on the back stairs head, with his own hands:—And being somewhere between fifty and sixty years of age, at the time I have been speaking of,—he had likewise gradually brought some other little family concerns to the same period, in order, as he would often say to my uncle *Toby*, to get them all out of the way at one time, and be no more plagued and pestered with them the rest of the month.

It was attended but with one misfortune, which, in a great measure, fell upon myself, and the effects of which I fear I shall carry with me to my grave; namely, that from an unhappy association of ideas which

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have

have no connection in nature, it so fell out at length, that my poor mother could never hear the said clock wound up,——but the thoughts of some other things unavoidably popped into her head— & *vice versa* :—— Which strange combination of ideas, the sagacious *Locke*, who certainly understood the nature of these things better than most men, affirms to have produced more wry actions than all other sources of prejudice whatsoever.

But this by the bye.

Now it appears, by a memorandum in my father's pocket-book, which now lies upon the table, “ That on *Lady-Day*, which was on the 25th of the same month, in which I date my geniture, — my father set out upon his journey to *London* with my eldest brother *Bobby*, to fix him at *Westminster* School;” and, as it appears from the same authority,

authority, “ That he did not get down to his wife and family till the *second week* in *May* following,” — it brings the thing almost to a certainty. However, what follows in the beginning of the next chapter, puts it beyond all possibility of doubt.

—But pray, Sir, What was your father doing all *December—January*, and *February*?  
—Why, Madam,— he was all that time afflicted with a Sciatica.

## C H A P. V.

**O**N the fifth day of *November*, 1718, which to the æra fixed on, was as near nine kalendar months as any husband could in reason have expected,—was I *Tristram Shandy*, Gentleman, brought forth into this scurvy and disastorous world of ours.—I wish I had been born in the Moon, or in any of the planets, (except *Jupiter* or *Sa-*

turn, because I never could 'bear cold weather) for it could not well have fared worse with me in any of them (though I will not answer for *Venus*) than it has in this vile, dirty planet of ours,—which, o' my conscience, with reverence be it spoken, I take to be made up of the shreds and clippings of the rest; — not but the planet is well enough, provided a man could be born in it to a great title or to a great estate; or could any how contrive to be called up to publick charges, and employments of dignity or power; ——— but that is not my case; ——— and therefore every man will speak of the fair as his own market has gone in it; ——— for which cause, I affirm it over again, to be one of the vilest worlds that ever was made;—for I can truly say, that from the first hour I drew my breath in it, to this, that I can now scarce draw it at all, for an asthma I got in scating  
 against



against the wind in *Flanders*;—I have been the continual sport of what the world calls Fortune; and though I will not wrong her by saying, She has ever made me feel the weight of any great or signal evil;—yet with all the good temper in the world, I affirm it, of her, that in every stage of my life, and at every turn and corner where she could get fairly at me, the ungracious duchess has pelted me with a set of as pitiful misadventures and cross accidents as ever small HERO sustained.

## CHAP. VI.

**I**N the beginning of the last chapter, I informed you exactly *when* I was born; but I did not inform you, *how*. No; that particular was reserved entirely for a chapter by itself;—besides, Sir, as you and I are in a manner perfect strangers to each

other, it would not have been proper to have let you into too many circumstances relating to myself all at once.—You must have a little patience. I have undertaken, you see, to write not only my life, but my opinions also; hoping and expecting that your knowledge of my character, and of what kind of a mortal I am, by the one, would give you a better relish for the other: As you proceed further with me, the slight acquaintance which is now beginning betwixt us, will grow into familiarity; and that, unless one of us is in fault, will terminate in friendship. — *O diem præclarum!* — then nothing which has touched me will be thought trifling in its nature, or tedious in its telling. Therefore, my dear friend and companion, if you should think me somewhat sparing of my narrative on my first setting out—bear with me,—and let me go on, and tell my story my own way:

way :—Or, if I should seem now and then to trifle upon the road,—or should sometimes put on a fool's cap with a bell to it, for a moment or two as we pass along,—don't fly off,—but rather courteously give me credit for a little more wisdom than appears upon my outside ;—and as we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me, or in short, do any thing,—only keep your temper.

## C H A P. VII.

**I**N the same village where my father and my mother dwelt, dwelt also a thin, upright, motherly, notable, good old body of a midwife, who, with the help of a little plain good sense, and some years full employment in her business, in which she had all along trusted little to her own efforts, and a great deal to those of dame Nature,—  
had

had acquired, in her way, no small degree of reputation in the world;—by which word *world*, need I in this place inform your worship, that I would be understood to mean no more of it, than a small circle described upon the circle of the great world, of four *English* miles diameter, or thereabouts, of which the cottage where the good old woman lived, is supposed to be the centre.—She had been left, it seems, a widow in great distress, with three or four small children, in her forty-seventh year; and as she was at that time a person of decent carriage,—grave deportment,—a woman moreover of few words, and withall an object of compassion, whose distress, and silence under it, called out the louder for a friendly list: The wife of the parson of the parish was touched with pity; and having often lamented an inconvenience, to which her husband's flock had for many years been exposed,

posed, inasmuch, as there was no such thing as a midwife, of any kind or degree, to be got at, let the case have been never so urgent, within less than six or seven long miles riding; which said seven long miles in dark nights and dismal roads, the country thereabouts being nothing but deep clay, was almost equal to fourteen; and that in effect was sometimes next to having no midwife at all; it came into her head, that it would be doing as seasonable a kindness to the whole parish, as to the poor creature herself, to get her a little instructed in some of the plain principles of the business, in order to set her up in it. As no woman thereabouts was better qualified to execute the plan she had formed than herself, the gentlewoman very charitably undertook it; and having great influence over the female part of the parish, she found no difficulty in effecting it to the utmost of her wishes. In truth,

truth, the parson join'd his interest with his wife's in the whole affair ; and in order to do things as they should be, and give the poor soul as good a title by law to practise, as his wife had given by institution,——he chearfully paid the fees for the ordinary's licence himself, amounting in the whole, to the sum of eighteen shillings and four-pence; so that betwixt them both, the good woman was fully invested in the real and corporal possession of her office, together with all its *rights, members, and appurtenances whatsoever.*

These last words, you must know, were not according to the old form in which such licences, faculties, and powers usually ran, which in like cases had heretofore been granted to the sisterhood. But it was according to a neat *Formula* of *Didius* his own devising, who having a particular turn for taking to pieces, and new framing over again,



gain, all kind of instruments in that way, not only hit upon this dainty amendment, but coaxed many of the old licensed matrons in the neighbourhood, to open their faculties afresh, in order to have this whim-wham of his inserted.

I own I never could envy *Didius* in these kinds of fancies of his:—But every man to his own taste.—Did not Dr. *Kunastrokus*, that great man, at his leisure hours, take the greatest delight imaginable in combing of asses tails, and plucking the dead hairs out with his teeth, though he had tweezers always in his pocket? Nay, if you come to that, Sir, have not the wisest of men in all ages, not excepting *Soloman* himself,—have they not had their HOBBY-HORSES;—their running-horses,—their coins and their cockle-shells, their drums and their trumpets, their fiddles, their pallats,—their mag-

gots and their butterflies?—and so long as a man rides his HOBBY-HORSE peaceably and quietly along the King's highway, and neither compels you or me to get up behind him,— pray, Sir, what have either you or I to do with it?

### C H A P. VIII.

—*De gustibus non est disputandum*; — that is, there is no disputing against HOBBY-HORSES; and for my part, I seldom do; nor could I with any sort of grace, had I been an enemy to them at the bottom; for happening, at certain intervals and changes of the Moon, to be both fiddler and painter, according as the fly flings: — Be it known to you, that I keep a couple of pads myself, upon which, in their turns, (nor do I care who knows it) I frequently ride out and take the air; though — sometimes, to my shame

Shame be it spoken, I take somewhat longer  
 journeys than what a wise man would think  
 altogether right.—But the truth is,—I am  
 not a wise man;—and besides am a mortal  
 of so little consequence in the world, it is  
 not much matter what I do; so I seldom fret  
 or fume at all about it: Nor does it much  
 disturb my rest, when I see such great Lords  
 and tall Personages as hereafter follow;—  
 such, for instance, as my Lord A, B, C, D,  
 E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, and  
 so on, all of a row, mounted upon their  
 several horses; — some with large stirrups,  
 getting on in a more grave and sober pace;  
 —others on the contrary, tucked up to  
 their very chins, with whips across their  
 mouths, scouring and scampering it away  
 like so many little party-colouring devils a-  
 fride a mortgage,—and as if some of them  
 were resolved to break their necks.—So  
 much the better—say I to myself;—for in  
case

case the worst should happen, the world will make a shift to do excellently well without them; and for the rest,——why,——God speed them,——e'en let them ride on without opposition from me; for were their lordships unhorsed this very night,—'tis ten to one but that many of them would be worse mounted by one half before to-morrow morning.

Not one of these instances therefore can be said to break in upon my rest.——But there is an instance, which I own puts me off my guard, and that is, when I see one born for great actions, and, what is still more for his honour, whose nature ever inclines him to good ones;——when I behold such a one, my Lord, like yourself, whose principles and conduct are as generous and noble as his blood, and whom, for that reason, a corrupt world cannot spare one moment;

ment;—when I see such a one, my Lord, mounted, though it is but for a minute beyond the time which my love to my country has prescribed to him, and my zeal for his glory wishes,—then, my Lord, I cease to be a philosopher, and in the first transport of an honest impatience, I with the HOBBY-HORSE, with all his fraternity, at the Devil.

“ My Lord,

“ **I** Maintain this to be a dedication, notwithstanding its singularity in the  
 “ three great essentials of matter, form and  
 “ place : I beg, therefore, you will accept  
 “ it as such, and that you will permit me  
 “ to lay it, with the most respectful humility, at your Lordship’s feet,—when you  
 “ are upon them,—which you can be  
 “ when you please ; and that is, my Lord,  
 “ whenever there is occasion for it, and I  
 “ will

“ will add, to the best purposes too. I have  
“ the honour to be,

*My Lord,*

*Your Lordship's most obedient,*

*and most devoted,*

*and most humble servant,*

TRISTRAM SHANDY.”

C H A P. IX.

**I** Solemnly declare to all mankind, that the above dedication was made for no one Prince, Prelate, Pope, or Potentate,—Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, or Baron, of this, or any other Realm in Christendom;——nor has it yet been hawked about, or offered publickly or privately, directly or indirectly, to any one person or personage, great or small; but is honestly a true Virgin Dedication untried on, upon any soul living.

I labour



I labour this point so particularly, merely to remove any offence or objection which might arise against it from the manner in which I propose to make the most of it;—which is the putting it up fairly to public sale; which I now do.

—Every author has a way of his own in bringing his points to bear;—for my own part, as I hate chaffering and higgling for a few guineas in a dark entry;—I resolved within myself, from the very beginning, to deal squarely and openly with your Great Folks in this affair, and try whether I should not come off the better by it.

If therefore there is any one Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, or Baron, in these his Majesty's dominions, who stands in need of a tight, genteel dedication, and whom the above will suit, (for by the bye, unless it suits in some degree, I will not part with

it)——it is much at his service for fifty guineas ;——which I am positive is twenty guineas less than it ought to be afforded for, by any man of genius.

My lord, if you examine it over again, it is far from being a gross piece of daubing, as some dedications are. The design, your Lordship sees, is good, the colouring transparent,——the drawing not amiss——or to speak more like a man of science, and measure my piece in the painter's scale, divided into 20, — I believe, my Lord, the outlines will turn out as 12,——the composition as 9,——the colouring as 6,——the expression 13 and a half——and the design,——if I may be allowed, my Lord, to understand my own *design*, and supposing absolute perfection in designing, to be as 20—I think it cannot well fall short of 19. Besides all this,——there is keeping in it, and the dark strokes

strokes in the HOBBY-HORSE, (which is a secondary figure, and a kind of back-ground to the whole) give great force to the principal lights in your own figure, and make it come off wonderfully;—and besides, there is an air of originality in the *tout ensemble*.

Be pleased, my good Lord, to order the sum to be paid into the hands of Mr. *Dodley*, for the benefit of the author; and in the next edition care shall be taken that this chapter be expunged; and your Lordship's titles, distinctions, arms, and good actions, be placed at the front of the preceding chapter: All which, from the words, *De gustibus non est disputandum*, and whatever else in this book relates to HOBBY-HORSES, but no more, shall stand dedicated to your Lordship. — The rest I dedicate to the MOON, who, by the bye, of all the PATRONS or MA-

TRON'S I can think of, has most power to set my book a-going, and make the world run mad after it.

*Bright Goddess,*

If thou art not too busy with CANDID and Miss CUNEGUND's affairs,—take *Tristram Shandy's* under thy protection also.

## CHAP. X.

Whatever degree of small merit, the act of benignity in favour of the midwife might justly claim, or in whom that claim truly rested,—at first sight seems not very material to this history;—certain however it was, that the gentlewoman, the parson's wife, did run away at that time with the whole of it: And yet, for my life, I cannot help thinking but that the parson himself, though he had not the good fortune to hit

hit upon the design first,—yet, as he heartily concurred in it the moment it was laid before him, and as heartily parted with his money to carry it into execution, had a claim to some share of it,——if not to a full half of whatever honour was due to it.

The world at that time was pleased to determine the matter otherwise.

Lay down the book, and I will allow you half a day to give a probable guess at the grounds of this procedure.

Be it known then, that, for about five years before the date of the midwife's licence, of which you have had so circumstantial an account,——the parson we have to do with, had made himself a country-talk by a breach of all decorum, which he had committed against himself, his station, and his office ;

——and that was in never appearing better, or otherwise mounted, than upon a lean, sorry, jack-ass of a horse, value about one pound fifteen shillings; who, to shorten all description of him, was full brother to *Rosinante*, as far as similitude congenial could make him; for he answered his description to a hair-breadth in every thing,——except that I do not remember 'tis any where said, that *Rosinante* was broken winded; and that, moreover, *Rosinante*, as is the happiness of most *Spanish* horses, fat or lean,—— was undoubtedly a horse at all points.

I know very well that the *HERO's* horse was a horse of chaste deportment, which may have given grounds for a contrary opinion: But it is as certain at the same time, that *Rosinante's* continency (as may be demonstrated from the adventure of the *Yan-guesian* carriers) proceeded from no bodily defect



defect or cause whatsoever, but from the temperance and orderly current of his blood. —And let me tell you, Madam, there is a great deal of very good chastity in the world, in behalf of which you could not say more for your life.

Let that be as it may, as my purpose is to do exact justice to every creature brought upon the stage of this dramatic work,—I could not stifle this distinction in favour of Don *Quixote's* horse; — in all other points, the parson's horse, I say, was just such another,—for he was as lean, and as lank, and as sorry a jade, as HUMILITY herself could have bestrided.

In the estimation of here and there a man of weak judgment, it was greatly in the parson's power to have helped the figure of this horse of his,—for he was master of a very

handsome demi-peak'd saddle, quilted on the seat with green plush, garnished with a double row of silver-headed studs, and a double pair of shining brass stirrups, with a housling altogether suitable, of grey superfine cloth, with an edging of black lace, terminating in a deep, black, silk fringe, *pou-dré d'or* — all which he had purchased in the pride and prime of his life, together with a grand embossed bridle, ornamented at all points as it should be. — But not caring to banter his beast, he had hung all these up behind his study door; — and in lieu of them, had seriously befitted him with just such a bridle and such a saddle, as the figure and value of such a steed might well and truly deserve.

In the several sallies about his parish, and in the neighbouring visits to the gentry who lived around him, — you will easily compre-

head, that the parson, so appointed, would  
 both hear and see enough to keep his philo-  
 sophy from rusting. To speak the truth,  
 he never could enter a village, but he caught  
 the attention of both old and young.—La-  
 bour stood still as he pass'd,—the bucket  
 hung suspended in the middle of the well,—  
 —the spinning-wheel forgot its round,—  
 even chuck-farthing and shuffle-cap them-  
 selves stood gaping till he had got out of  
 sight; and as his movement was not of the  
 quickest, he had generally time enough upon  
 his hands to make his observations,—to hear  
 the groans of the serious,—and the laugh-  
 ter of the light-hearted;——all which he  
 bore with excellent tranquillity.—His cha-  
 racter was, — he loved a jest in his heart—  
 and as he saw himself in the true point of  
 ridicule, he would say, he could not be  
 angry with others for seeing him in a light,  
 in which he so strongly saw himself: So  
 that

that to his friends, who knew his foible was not the love of money, and who therefore made the less scruple in bantering the extravagance of his humour, instead of giving the true cause,—he chose rather to join in the laugh against himself; and as he never carried one single ounce of flesh upon his own bones, being altogether as spare a figure as his beast, — he would sometimes insist upon it, that the horse was as good as the rider deserved; — that they were, centaur-like,—both of a piece. At other times, and in other moods, when his spirits were above the temptation of false wit,—he would say, he found himself going off fast in a consumption; and, with great gravity, would pretend, he could not bear the sight of a fat horse without a dejection of heart, and a sensible alteration in his pulse; and that he had made choice of the

lean one he rode upon, not only to keep himself in countenance, but in spirits.

At different times he would give fifty humorous and opposite reasons for riding a meek spirited jade of a broken-winded horse, preferably to one of mettle;—for on such a one he could sit mechanically, and meditate as delightfully *de vanitate mundi et fugâ sæculi*, as with the advantage of a death's head before him; — that, in all other exertations, he could spend his time, as he rode slowly along,—to as much account as in his study;—that he could draw up an argument in his sermon, — or a hole in his breeches, as steadily on the one as in the other;—that brisk trotting and slow argumentation, like wit and judgment, were two incompatible movements.—But that upon his steed—he could unite and reconcile every thing,—he could compose his sermon,  
—he

—he could compose his cough,—and, in case nature gave a call that way, he could likewise compose himself to sleep.—In short, the parson upon such encounters would assign any cause, but the true cause,—and he withheld the true one, only out of a nicety of temper, because he thought it did honour to him.

But the truth of the story was as follows: In the first years of this gentleman's life, and about the time when the superb saddle and bridle were purchased by him, it had been his manner, or vanity, or call it what you will,—to run into the opposite extream.—In the language of the county where he dwelt, he was said to have loved a good horse, and generally had one of the best in the whole parish standing in his stable always ready for saddling; and as the nearest midwife, as I told you, did not live nearer to the

the



the village than seven miles, and in a vile country,—it so fell out that the poor gentleman was scarce a whole week together without some piteous application for his beast; and as he was not an unkind-hearted man, and every case was more pressing and more distressful than the last,—as much as he loved his beast, he had never a heart to refuse him; the upshot of which was generally this, that his horse was either clapp'd, or spavin'd, or greaz'd;—or he was twitter-bon'd, or broken-winded, or something, in short, or other had befallen him, which would let him carry no flesh;—so that he had every nine or ten months a bad horse to get rid of,—and a good horse to purchase in his stead.

What the loss in such a balance might amount to, *communibus annis*, I would leave to a special jury of sufferers in the same traffick,

sick, to determine ;—but let it be what it would, the honest gentleman bore it for many years without a murmur, till at length, by repeated ill accidents of the kind, he found it necessary to take the thing under consideration ; and upon weighing the whole, and summing it up in his mind, he found it not only disproportioned to his other expences, but withall so heavy an article in itself, as to disable him from any other act of generosity in his parish : Besides this, he considered, that with half the sum thus galloped away, he could do ten times as much good ; —and what still weighed more with him than all other considerations put together, was this, that it confined all his charity into one particular channel, and where, as he fancied, it was the least wanted, namely, to the child-bearing and child-getting part of his parish ; reserving nothing for the impotent,— nothing for the aged,— nothing for the

the

the many comfortless scenes he was hourly called forth to visit, where poverty and sickness, and affliction dwelt together.

For these reasons he resolved to discontinue the expence; and there appeared but two possible ways to extricate him clearly out of it;—and these were, either to make it an irrevocable law never more to lend his steed upon any application whatever,—or else be content to ride the last poor devil, such as they had made him, with all his aches and infirmities, to the very end of the chapter.

As he dreaded his own constancy in the first—he very chearfully betook himself to the second; and though he could very well have explained it, as I said, to his honour,—yet, for that very reason, he had a spirit above it; choosing rather to bear the contempt,

tempt of his enemies, and the laughter of his friends, than undergo the pain of telling a story, which might seem a panegyric upon himself.

I have the highest idea of the spiritual and refined sentiments of this reverend gentleman, from this single stroke in his character, which I think comes up to any of the honest refinements of the peerless knight of *La Mancha*, whom, by the bye, with all his follies, I love more, and would actually have gone further to have paid a visit to, than the greatest hero of antiquity.

But this is not the moral of my story: The thing I had in view was to shew the temper of the world in the whole of this affair.—For you must know, that so long as this explanation would have done the parson credit,—the devil a soul could find it out,—

I suppose his enemies would not, and that his friends could not.—But no sooner did he bestir himself in behalf of the midwife, and pay the expences of the ordinary's licence to set her up, — but the whole secret came out; every horse he had lost, and two horses more than ever he had lost, with all the circumstances of their destruction, were known and distinctly remembered. — The story ran like wild-fire.—“ The parson had  
 “ a returning fit of pride which had just  
 “ seized him; and he was going to be well  
 “ mounted once again in his life; and if it  
 “ was so, 'twas plain as the sun at noon-  
 “ day, he would pocket the expence of the  
 “ licence, ten times told, the very first year:  
 “ ——— So that every body was left to judge  
 “ what were his views in this act of  
 “ charity.”

What were his views in this, and in every other action of his life, — or rather what

were the opinions which floated in the brains of other people concerning it, was a thought which too much floated in his own, and too often broke in upon his rest, when he should have been sound asleep.

About ten years ago this gentleman had the good fortune to be made entirely easy upon that score,—it being just so long since he left his parish,—and the whole world at the same time behind him,—and stands accountable to a Judge of whom he will have no cause to complain.

But there is a fatality attends the actions of some men : Order them as they will, they pass thro' a certain medium, which so twists and refracts them from their true directions—that, with all the titles to praise which, a rectitude of heart can give, the doers of them are nevertheless forced to live and die without it.

Of



Of the truth of which this gentleman was a painful example.—But to know by what means this came to pass,—and to make that knowledge of use to you, I insist upon it that you read the two following chapters, which contain such a sketch of his life and conversation, as will carry its moral along with it.—When this is done, if nothing stops us in our way, we will go on with the midwife.

## C H A P. XI.

**Y**ORICK was the parson's name, and what is very remarkable in it, (as appears from a most ancient account of the family, wrote upon strong vellum, and now in perfect preservation) it had been exactly so spelt for near,—I was within an ace of saying nine hundred years ;—but I would not shake my credit in telling an improbable truth, however indisputable in itself ;—

D 2

and

and therefore I shall content myself with only saying——It had been exactly so spelt, without the least variation or transposition of a single letter, for I do not know how long ; which is more than I would venture to say of one half of the best surnames in the kingdom ; which in a course of years, have generally undergone as many chops and changes as their owners.——Has this been owing to the pride, or to the shame of the respective proprietors ?—In honest truth, I think, sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, just as the temptation has wrought. But a villainous affair it is, and will one day so blend and confound us all together, that no one shall be able to stand up and swear, “ That his own great-grandfather was the “ man who did either this or that.”

This evil had been sufficiently fenced against by the prudent care of the *Yorick's* family,

mily, and their religious preservation of these records I quote, which do further inform us, That the family was originally of *Danish* extraction, and had been transplanted into *England* as early as in the reign of *Horwendillus*, king of *Denmark*, in whose court, it seems, an ancestor of this *Mr. Yorick's*, and from whom he was lineally descended, held a considerable post to the day of his death. Of what nature this considerable post was, this record saith not;—it only adds, That, for near two centuries, it had been totally abolished as altogether unnecessary, not only in that court, but in every other court of the Christian world.

It has often come into my head, that this post could be no other than that of the king's chief Jester;—and that *Hamlet's Yorick*, in our *Shakespear*, many of whose plays, you know, are founded upon authenticated facts, —was certainly the very man.

I have not the time to look into *Saxo-Grammaticus's Danish* history, to know the certainty of this;—but if you have leisure, and can easily get at the book, you may do it full as well yourself.

I had just time, in my travels through *Denmark* with Mr. Noddy's eldest son, whom, in the year 1741, I accompanied as governor, riding along with him at a prodigious rate thro' most parts of *Europe*, and of which original journey performed by us two, a most delectable narrative will be given in the progress of this work. I had just time, I say, and that was all, to prove the truth of an observation made by a long sojourner in that country; — namely, “ That nature was  
 “ neither very lavish, nor was she very stingy in her gifts of genius and capacity to  
 “ its inhabitants;—but, like a discreet parent, was moderately kind to them all;  
 “ observing

“ observing such an equal tenor in the dis-  
 “ tribution of her favours, as to bring them,  
 “ in those points, pretty near to a level with  
 “ each other; so that you will meet with  
 “ few instances in that kingdom of refined  
 “ parts; but a great deal of good plain  
 “ household understanding amongst all ranks  
 “ of people, of which every body has a  
 “ share;” which is, I think, very right.

With us, you see, the case is quite differ-  
 ent:——we are all ups and downs in this  
 matter;—you are a great genius;—or ’tis  
 fifty to one, Sir, you are a great dunce and  
 a blockhead;—not that there is a total want  
 of intermediate steps,—no,—we are not so  
 irregular as that comes to;—but the two  
 extremes are more common, and in a great-  
 er degree in this unsettled island, where na-  
 ture, in her gifts and dispositions of this  
 kind, is most whimsical and capricious; for-

tune herself not being more so in the bequest of her goods and chattles than she.

This is all that ever staggered my faith in regard to *Yorick's* extraction, who, by what I can remember of him, and by all the accounts I could ever get of him, seemed not to have had one single drop of *Danish* blood in his whole crasis; in nine hundred years, it might possibly have all run out:—I will not philosophize one moment with you about it; for happen how it would, the fact was this:—That instead of that cold phlegm and exact regularity of sense and humours, you would have looked for, in one so extracted;—he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and sublimated a composition,—as heteroclite a creature in all his declensions;—with as much life and whim, and *gaieté de cœur* about him, as the kindliest climate could have engendered and put together. With all this  
fail,



fail, poor *Yorick* carried not one ounce of ballast ; he was utterly unpractised in the world ; and, at the age of twenty-six, knew just about as well how to steer his course in it, as a romping, unsuspicious girl of thirteen : So that upon his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of somebody's tackling ; and as the grave and more slow-paced were ofteneft in his way,—you may likewise imagine, 'twas with such he had generally the ill luck to get the most entangled. For aught I know there might be some mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of such *Fracas*:—For, to speak the truth, *Yorick* had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity ;—not to gravity as such ;—for where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave or serious of mortal men for days and weeks together ;—but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it, only as it appeared

appeared a cloak for ignorance, or for folly; and then, whenever it fell into his way, however sheltered and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say, That Gravity was an errant scoundrel, and he would add,—of the most dangerous kind too,—because a sly one; and that, he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelve-month, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say, there was no danger,——but to itself;—whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit;—’twas a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all its pretensions,—it was no better,

but

but often worse, than what a *French* wit had long ago defined it,—viz. *A mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind*;—which definition of gravity, *Yorick*, with great imprudence would say, deserved to be wrote in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man unhackneyed and unpractised in the world, and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse where policy is wont to impress restraint. *Yorick* had no impression but one, and that was what arose from the nature of the deed spoken of; which impression he would usually translate into plain *English* without any periphrasis,—and too oft without much distinction of either personage, time, or place;—so that when mention was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding,—he never gave himself a moment's time to reflect who was the hero  
of

of the piece,——what his station,——or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter;——but if it was a dirty action,——without more ado, — The man was a dirty fellow, — and so on. — And as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a *bon mot*, or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humour of expression, it gave wings to *Yorick's* indiscretion. In a word, tho' he never sought, yet at the same time, as he seldom shunned occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony;——he had but too many temptations in life, of scattering his wit and his humour,——his gibes and his jests about him.——They were not lost for want of gathering.

What were the consequences, and what was *Yorick's* catastrophe thereupon, you will read in the next chapter.

C H A P.

## C H A P. XII.

**T**HE *Mortgager* and *Mortgagée* differ the one from the other, not more in length of purse, than the *Jester* and *Jestée* do, in that of memory. But in this the comparison between them runs, as the scholiasts call it, upon all-four; which by the by, is upon one or two legs more than some of the best of *Homer's* can pretend to;—namely, That the one raises a sum, and the other a laugh, at your expence, and thinks no more about it. Interest, however, still runs on in both cases;—the periodical or accidental payments of it, just serving to keep the memory of the affair alive; till, at length, in some evil hour,——pop comes the creditor upon each, and by demanding principal upon the spot, together with full interest to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

As

As the reader (for I hate your *ifs*) has a thorough knowledge of human nature, I need not say more to satisfy him, that my Hero could not go on at this rate without some slight experience of these incidental mementos. To speak the truth, he had wantonly involved himself in a multitude of small book-debts of this stamp, which, notwithstanding *Eugenius*'s frequent advice, he too much disregarded; thinking, that as not one of them was contracted thro' any malignancy; — but, on the contrary, from an honesty of mind, and a mere jocundity of humour, they would all of them be cross'd out in course.

*Eugenius* would never admit this; and would often tell him, that one day or other he would certainly be reckoned with; and he would often add, in an accent of sorrowful apprehension, — to the uttermost mite. To  
which



which *Yorick*, with his usual carelessness of heart, would as often answer with a pshaw! —and if the subject was started in the fields, —with a hop, skip, and a jump, at the end of it; but if close pent up in the social chimney corner, where the culprit was barricado'd in, with a table and a couple of arm-chairs, and could not so readily fly off in a tangent, —*Eugenius* would then go on with his lecture upon discretion in words to this purpose, though somewhat better put together.

Trust me, dear *Yorick*, this unwary pleafantry of thine will fooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of.—In these fallies, too oft, I fee, it happens, that a perfon laughed at, confiders himfelf in the light of a perfon injured, with all the rights of fuch a fituation belonging to him; and when thou vieweft

est him in that light too, and reckons up his friends, his family, his kindred and allies, —and musters up with them the many recruits which will list under him from a sense of common danger; —'tis no extravagant arithmetic to say, that for every ten jokes, —thou hast got an hundred enemies; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so.

I cannot suspect it in the man whom I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen or malevolence of intent in these sallies — I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive: —But consider, my dear lad, that fools cannot distinguish this, —and that knaves will not; and thou knowest not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other; —whenever they

they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too.

Revenge from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right.——The fortunes of thy house shall totter,——thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it, thy faith questioned,——thy works belied,——thy wit forgotten,——thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, CRUELTY and COWARDICE, twin ruffians, hired and set on by MALICE in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes :——The best of us, my dear lad, lie open there,——

and trust me,——trust me, *Yorick*, when to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon, that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.

*Yorick* scarce ever heard this sad vaticination of his destiny read over to him, but with a tear stealing from his eye, and a promissory look attending it, that he was resolved, for the time to come, to ride his tit with more sobriety.——But, alas, too late! ——a grand confederacy, with \*\*\*\*\* and \*\*\*\*\* at the head of it, was formed before the first prediction of it.——The whole plan of the attack, just as *Eugenius* had foreboded, was put in execution all at once,——with so little mercy on the side of the allies, ——and so little suspicion in *Yorick*, of what  
was

was carrying on against him,—that when he thought, good easy man! full surely preferment was o'ripening, they had smote his root, and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

*Yorick*, however, fought it out with all imaginable gallantry for some time; till overpowered by numbers, and worn out at length by the calamities of the war,—but more so, by the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on,—he threw down the sword; and though he kept up his spirits in appearance to the last, he died, nevertheless, as was generally thought, quite broken-hearted.

What inclined *Eugenius* to the same opinion, was as follows :

A few hours before *Yorick* breathed his last, *Eugenius* slept in with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him : Upon his drawing *Yorick's* curtain, and asking how he felt himself, *Yorick*, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand,——and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter,——he would thank him again and again.——He told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever.—I hope not, answered *Eugenius*, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke,—I hope not, *Yorick*, said he.—*Yorick* replied, with a look up, and gentle squeeze of *Eugenius's* hand, and that was all,—but it cut *Eugenius* to his heart.—Come,—come, *Yorick*, quoth *Eugenius*, wiping his eyes, and summoning up  
the



the man within him,——my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis when thou most wants them;——who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?—*Yorick* laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head;—for my part, continued *Eugenius*, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare I know not, *Yorick*, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added *Eugenius*, chearing up his voice, that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop,—and that I may live to see it.—I beseech thee, *Eugenius*, quoth *Yorick*, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand, —— his right being still grasped close in that of *Eugenius*,——I beseech thee to take a view of my head.—I see nothing that ails it, replied *Eugenius*. Then, alas! my friend, said *Yorick*, let me tell you,

that 'tis so bruised and mis-shapened with the blows which \*\*\*\*\* and \*\*\*\*\* , and some others have so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say with *Sancho Pança*, that should I recover, and “ Mitres there-  
 “ upon be suffered to rain down from hea-  
 “ ven as thick as hail, not one of them  
 “ would fit it.”——*Yorick's* last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he uttered this;——yet still it was uttered with something of a *Cervan-tick* tone ;——and as he spoke it, *Eugenius* could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes ;——faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as *Shakespeare* said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar !

*Eugenius* was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he squeez-  
 ed

ed his hand,——and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. *Yorick* followed *Eugenius* with his eyes to the door,——he then closed them,——and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his churchyard, in the parish of——, under a plain marble slab, which his friend *Eugenius*, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph, and elegy.

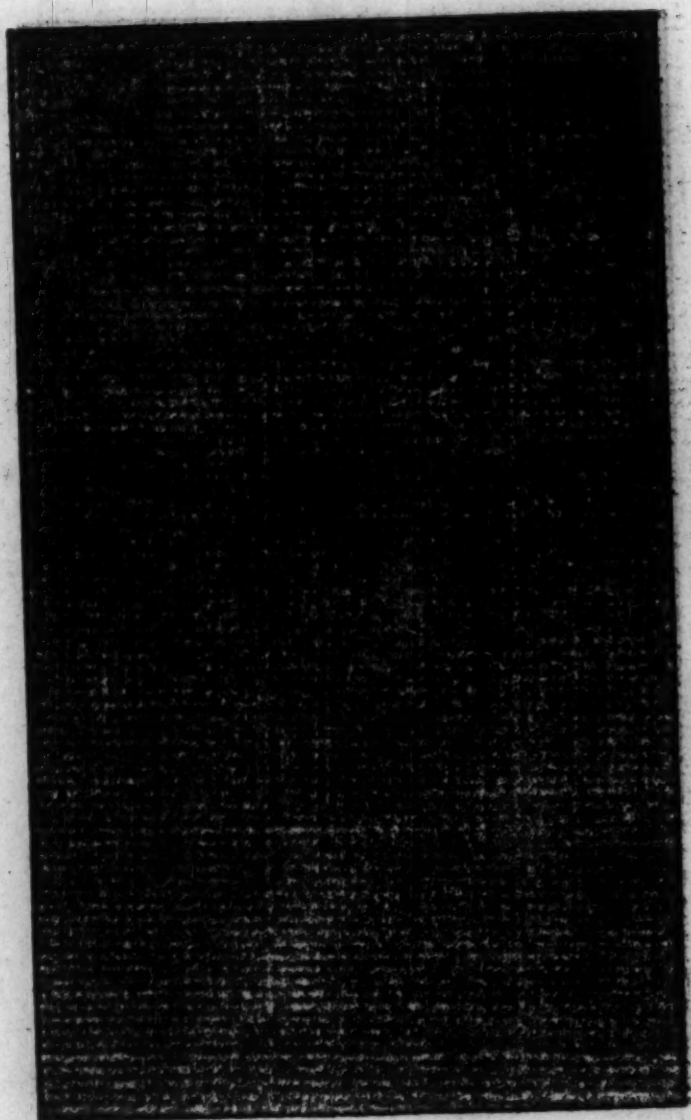
Alas, poor YORICK!
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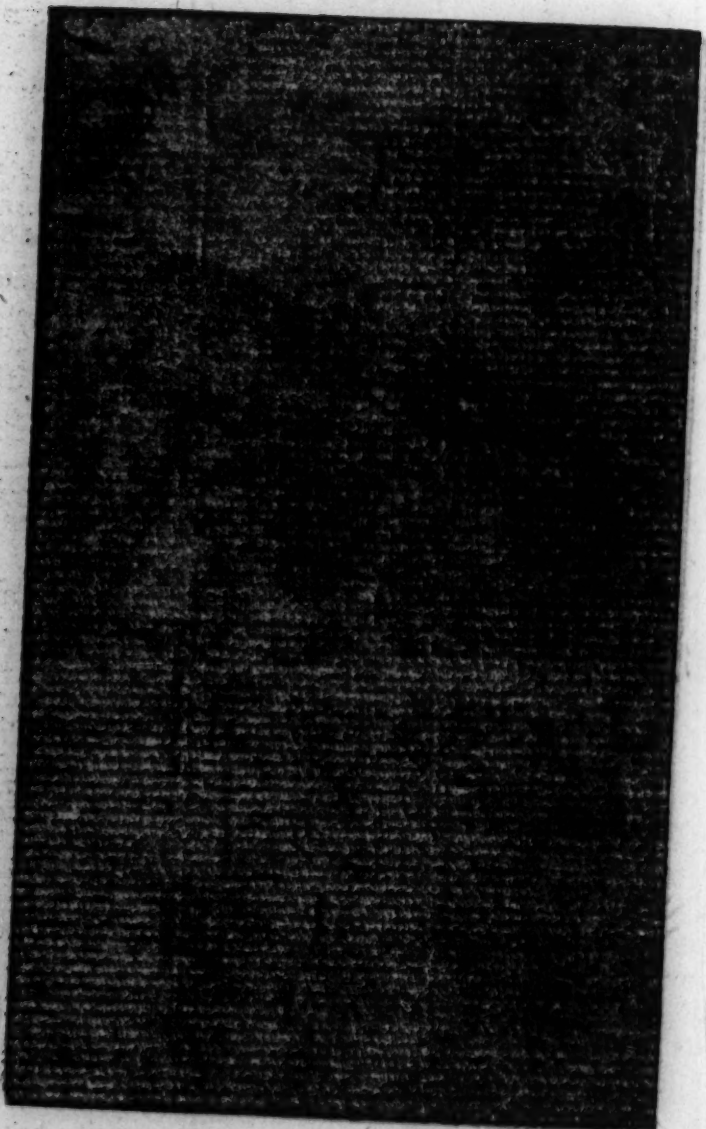
Ten times a day has *Yorick's* ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plain-

tive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him;——a footway crossing the church-yard close by the side of his grave,——not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it,——and sighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

CHAP.







## C H A P. XIII.

**I**T is so long since the reader of this rhapsodical work has been parted from the midwife, that it is high time to mention her again to him, merely to put him in mind that there is such a body still in the world, and whom, upon the best judgment I can form upon my own plan at present,—I am going to introduce to him for good and all: But as fresh matter may be started, and much unexpected business fall out betwixt the reader and myself, which may require immediate dispatch;—’twas right to take care that the poor woman should not be lost in the mean time;—because when she is wanted, we can no way do without her.

I think I told you that this good woman was a person of no small note and consequence

quence throughout our whole village and township;—that her fame had spread itself to the very out-edge and circumference of that circle of importance, of which kind every soul living, whether he has a shirt to his back or no,—has one surrounding him;—which said circle, by the way, whenever 'tis said that such a one is of great weight and importance in the *world*, —I desire may be enlarged or contracted in your worship's fancy, in a compound-ratio of the station, profession, knowledge, abilities, height and depth (measuring both ways) of the personage brought before you.

In the present case, if I remember, I fixed it at about four or five miles, which not only comprehended the whole parish, but extended itself to two or three of the adjacent hamlets in the skirts of the next parish; which

which made a considerable thing of it. I must add, That she was, moreover, very well looked on at one large grange-house, and some other odd houses and farms within two or three miles, as I said, from the smoke of her own chimney:——But I must here, once for all, inform you, that all this will be more exactly delineated and explain'd in a map, now in the hands of the engraver, which, with many other pieces and developments to this work, will be added to the end of the twentieth volume,——not to swell the work,—I detest the thought of such a thing;—but by way of commentary, scholium, illustration, and key to such passages, incidents, or inuendos as shall be thought to be either of private interpretation, or of dark or doubtful meaning, after my life and my opinions shall have been read over (now don't forget the meaning of the word) by all the *world*;——which, betwixt you and

me, and in spite of all the gentlemen reviewers in *Great Britain*, and of all that their worships shall undertake to write or say to the contrary,—I am determined shall be the case.—I need not tell your worship, that all this is spoke in confidence.

#### C H A P. XIV.

**U**PON looking into my mother's marriage settlement, in order to satisfy myself and reader in a point necessary to be cleared up, before we could proceed any further in this history ;——I had the good fortune to pop upon the very thing I wanted before I had read a day and a half straight forwards,——it might have taken me up a month ;——which shews plainly, that when a man sits down to write a history,——tho' it be but the history of *Jack Hickathrift* or *Tom Thumb*, he knows no more than his heels

heels what lets and confounded hindrances he is to meet with in his way,—or what a dance he may be led, by one excursion or another, before all is over. Could a historiographer drive on his history, as a muleteer drives on his mule,—straight forward; —for instance, from *Rome* all the way to *Loretto*, without ever once turning his head aside either to the right hand or to the left, —he might venture to foretell you to an hour when he shall get to his journey's end; —but the thing is, morally speaking, impossible: For, if he is a man of the least spirit, he will have fifty deviations from a straight line to make with this or that party as he goes along, which he can no ways avoid. He will have views and prospects to himself perpetually soliciting his eye, which he can no more help standing still to look at than he can fly; he will moreover have various

Accounts

Accounts to reconcile :

Anecdotes to pick up :

Inscriptions to make out :

Stories to weave in :

Traditions to sift :

Personages to call upon :

Panegyricks to paste up at this door :

Pasquinades at that:—All which both the man and his mule are quite exempt from. To sum up all ; there are archives at every stage to be look'd into, and rolls, records, documents, and endless genealogies, which justice ever and anon calls him back to stay the reading of :—In short, there is no end of it ;—for my own part, I declare I have been at it these six weeks, making all the speed I possibly could,—and am not yet born :—I have just been able, and that's all, to tell you *when* it happen'd, but not *how* ;—so that you see the thing is yet far from being accomplished.

These



These unforeseen stoppages, which I own I had no conception of when I first set out;—but which, I am convinced now, will rather increase than diminish as I advance,—have struck out a hint which I am resolved to follow;—and that is,—not to be in a hurry;—but to go on leisurely, writing and publishing two volumes of my life every year;—which, if I am suffered to go on quietly, and can make a tolerable bargain with my bookseller, I shall continue to do as long as I live.

## CHAP. XV.

**T**HE article in my mother's marriage settlement, which I told the reader I was at the pains to search for, and which, now that I have found it, I think proper to lay before him,—is so much more fully express'd in the deed itself, than ever I can pretend to do it, that it would be barbarity to

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take

take it out of the lawyer's hand :—It is as follows.

“ And this Indenture fur-  
 “ ther witnesseth, That the said  
 “ *Walter Shandy*, merchant, in considera-  
 “ tion of the said intended marriage to be  
 “ had, and, by God's blessing, to be well  
 “ and truly solemnized and consummated  
 “ between the said *Walter Shandy* and *Eliza-*  
 “ *beth Mollineux* aforesaid, and divers other  
 “ good and valuable causes and considera-  
 “ tions him thereunto specially moving,—  
 “ doth grant, covenant, condescend, con-  
 “ sent, conclude, bargain, and fully agree  
 “ to and with *John Dixon*, and *James Tur-*  
 “ *ner*, Esqrs; the abovenamed trustees, &c.  
 “ &c. — to wit, — That in case it should  
 “ hereafter so fall out, chance, happen, or  
 “ otherwise come to pass, — That the said  
 “ *Walter Shandy*, merchant, shall have left  
 “ off

“ off business before the time or times, that  
 “ the said *Elizabeth Mollineux* shall, accord-  
 “ ing to the course of nature, or otherwise,  
 “ have left off bearing and bringing forth  
 “ children; — and that, in consequence of  
 “ the said *Walter Shandy* having so left off  
 “ business, he shall in despight, and a-  
 “ gainst the free will, consent, and good-  
 “ liking of the said *Elizabeth Mollineux*, —  
 “ make a departure from the city of *London*,  
 “ in order to retire to, and dwell upon, his  
 “ estate at *Shandy Hall*, in the county of  
 “ ——— or at any other country-seat, castle,  
 “ hall, mansion-house, messuage or grainge-  
 “ house, now purchased, or hereafter to be pur-  
 “ chased, or upon any part or parcel there-  
 “ of: ——— That then, and as often as the  
 “ said *Elizabeth Mollineux* shall happen to be  
 “ enceint with child or children severally and  
 “ lawfully begot, or to be begotten, upon  
 “ the body of the said *Elizabeth Mollineux*,  
 “ during her said coverture, — he the said

“ *Walter Shandy* shall, at his own proper  
 “ cost and charges, and out of his own pro-  
 “ per monies, upon good and reasonable  
 “ notice, which is hereby agreed to be with-  
 “ in six weeks of her the said *Elizabeth*  
 “ *Mollineux*’s full reckoning, or time of  
 “ supposing and computed delivery, pay, or  
 “ cause to be paid, the sum of one hundred  
 “ and twenty pounds of good and lawful  
 “ money, to *John Dixon* and *James Turner*,  
 “ Esqrs; or assigns, — upon TRUST and  
 “ confidence, and for and unto the use and  
 “ uses, intent, end, and purpose following :  
 “ — **That is to say,** — That the said  
 “ sum of one hundred and twenty pounds  
 “ shall be paid into the hands of the said  
 “ *Elizabeth Mollineux*, or to be otherwise  
 “ applied by them the said Trustees, for the  
 “ well and truly hiring of one coach, with  
 “ able and sufficient horses, to carry and  
 “ convey the body of the said *Elizabeth Mol-*  
 “ *lineux*,

“ *lineux*, and the child or children which she  
 “ shall be then and there enceint and pregnant  
 “ with,— unto the city of *London* ; and for  
 “ the further paying and defraying of all  
 “ other incidental costs, charges, and ex-  
 “ pences whatsoever,—in and about, and  
 “ for, and relating to, her said intended de-  
 “ livery and lying-in, in the said city or sub-  
 “ urbs thereof. And that the said *Elizabeth*  
 “ *Mollineux* shall and may, from time to  
 “ time, and at all such time and times as  
 “ are here covenanted and agreed upon,—  
 “ peaceably and quietly hire the said coach  
 “ and horses, and have free ingress, egress,  
 “ and regress throughout her journey, in  
 “ and from the said coach, according to the  
 “ tenor, true intent, and meaning of these  
 “ presents, without any let, suit, trouble,  
 “ disturbance, molestation, discharge, hin-  
 “ derance, forfeiture, eviction, vexation,  
 “ interruption, or incumbrance whatsoever.

“ —And that it shall moreover be lawful to  
 “ and for the said *Elizabeth Mollineux*, from  
 “ time to time, and as oft or often as she  
 “ shall well and truly be advanced in her said  
 “ pregnancy, to the time heretofore stipu-  
 “ lated and agreed upon,—to live and reside  
 “ in such place or places, and in such fa-  
 “ mily or families, and with such relations,  
 “ friends, and other persons within the said  
 “ city of *London*, as she at her own will  
 “ and pleasure, notwithstanding her present  
 “ coverture, and as if she was a *femme sole*  
 “ and unmarried,——shall think fit.—

“ And this Indenture further  
 “ witnesseth, That for the more ef-  
 “ fectually carrying of the said covenant  
 “ into execution, the said *Walter Shandy*,  
 “ merchant, doth hereby grant, bargain,  
 “ sell, release, and confirm unto the said  
 “ *John Dixon*, and *James Turner*, Esqrs;  
 “ their heirs, executors, and assigns, in their  
 “ actual



“ actual possession now being, by virtue of  
 “ an indenture of bargain and sale for a  
 “ year to them the said *John Dixon*, and  
 “ *James Turner*, Esqrs; by him the said  
 “ *Walter Shandy*, merchant, thereof made;  
 “ which said bargain and sale for a year,  
 “ bears date the day next before the date of  
 “ these presents, and by force and virtue of  
 “ the statute for transferring of uses into  
 “ possession, — All that the manor and  
 “ lordship of *Shandy* in the county of —,  
 “ with all the rights, members, and appur-  
 “ tenances thereof; and all and every the  
 “ messuages, houses, buildings, barns, sta-  
 “ bles, orchards, gardens, backfides, tofts,  
 “ crofts, garths, cottages, lands, meadows,  
 “ feedings, pastures, marshes, commons,  
 “ woods, underwoods, drains, fisheries, wa-  
 “ ters, and water-courses; — together with  
 “ all rents, reversions, services, annuities,  
 “ fee farms, knights fees, views of frank-  
 F 4 pledge,

“ pledge, escheats, reliefs, mines, quarries,  
 “ goods and chattels of felons and fugitives,  
 “ felons of themselves, and put in exigent,  
 “ deodands, free warrens, and and all other  
 “ royalties and seignories, rights and jurif-  
 “ dictions, privileges and hereditaments  
 “ whatsoever.— And also the advow-  
 “ son, donation, presentation, and free dis-  
 “ position of the rectory or parsonage of  
 “ *Shandy* aforesaid, and all and every the  
 “ tenths, tythes, glebe-lands.”—In three  
 words, ——— “ My mother was to lay in,  
 “ (if she chose it) in *London*.”

But in order to put a stop to the practice  
 of any unfair play on the part of my mo-  
 ther, which a marriage article of this na-  
 ture too manifestly opened a door to, and  
 which indeed had never been thought of at  
 all, but for my uncle *Toby Shandy*;—a clause  
 was added in security of my father, which  
 was this :—“ That in case my mother here-  
 “ after

“ after should, at any time, put my father  
 “ to the trouble and expence of a *London*  
 “ journey, upon false cries and tokens ;—  
 “ that for every such instance, she should for-  
 “ feit all the right and title which the co-  
 “ venant gave her to the next turn ;—but  
 “ to no more,—and so on, *toties quoties*, in  
 “ as effectual a manner, as if such a cove-  
 “ nant betwixt them had not been made.”

——— This, by the way, was no more than  
 what was reasonable ;—and yet, as reasona-  
 ble as it was, I have ever thought it hard  
 that the whole weight of the article should  
 have fallen entirely, as it did, upon myself.

But I was begot and born to misfortunes ;  
 —for my own poor mother, whether it was  
 wind or water, —or a compound of both, —  
 or neither ;—or whether it was simply the  
 mere swell of imagination and fancy in her ;  
 ——— or how far a strong wish and desire to

have

have it so, might mislead her judgment ;— in short, whether she was deceived or deceiving in this matter, it no way becomes me to decide. The fact was this, That in the latter end of *September 1717*, which was the year before I was born, my mother having carried my father up to town much against the grain,—he peremptorily insisted upon the clause ;—so that I was doom'd, by marriage articles, to have my nose squeez'd as flat to my face, as if the destinies had actually spun me without one.

How this event came about,—and what a train of vexatious disappointments, in one stage or other of my life, have pursued me from the mere loss, or rather compression, of this one single member,—shall be laid before the reader all in due time.

## C H A P. XVI.

MY father, as any body may naturally imagine, came down with my mother into the country, in but a pettish kind of a humour. The first twenty or five-and-twenty miles he did nothing in the world but fret and teaze himself, and indeed my mother too, about the cursed expence, which he said might every shilling of it have been saved ;—then what vexed him more than every thing else was, the provoking time of the year,——which, as I told you, was towards the end of *September*, when his wall-fruit, and green gages especially, in which he was very curious, were just ready for pulling :—“ Had he been whistled up  
 “ to *London*, upon a *Tom Fool’s* errand, in  
 “ any other month of the whole year, he  
 “ should not have said three words about it.”

For

For the next two whole stages, no subject would go down, but the heavy blow he had sustain'd from the loss of a son, whom it seems he had fully reckon'd upon in his mind, and register'd down in his pocket-book, as a second staff for his old age, in case *Bobby* should fail him. "The disappointment of this," he said, "was ten times more to a wise man, than all the money which the journey, &c. had cost him, put together,—not the hundred and twenty pounds,—he did not mind it a rush."

From *Silton*, all the way to *Grantham*, nothing in the whole affair provoked him so much as the condolences of his friends, and the foolish figure they should both make at church the first *Sunday*;—of which, in the satirical vehemence of his wit, now sharpen'd a little by vexation, he would give so many humorous and provoking descriptions,

—and



—and place his rib and self in so many tormenting lights and attitudes in the face of the whole congregation;—that my mother declared, these two stages were so truly tragi-comical, that she did nothing but laugh and cry in a breath, from one end to the other of them all the way.

From *Grantham*, till they had cross'd the *Trent*, my father was out of all kind of patience at the vile trick and imposition which he fancied my mother had put upon him in this affair——“Certainly,” he would say to himself over and over again, “the woman could not be deceived herself;—if she could,——what weakness!”——tormenting word! which led his imagination a thorny dance, and, before all was over, play'd the duce and all with him;—for sure as ever the word *weakness* was uttered, and stuck full upon his brain,—so sure it set him upon running  
divisions

divisions upon how many kinds of weaknesses there were ;——that there was such a thing as weakness of the body,——as well as weakness of the mind,——and then he would do nothing but sylogize within himself for a stage or two together, How far the cause of these vexations might, or might not, have arisen out of himself.

In short, he had so many little subjects of disquietude springing out of this one affair, all fretting successively in his mind as they rose up in it, that my mother, whatever was her journey up, had but an uneasy journey of it down.—In a word, as she complained to my uncle *Toby*, he would have tired out the patience of any flesh alive.

## C H A P. XVII.

**T**Hough my father travelled homewards, as I told you, in none of the best of moods,—pshawing and pishing all the way down,—yet he had the complaisance to keep the worst part of the story still to himself;—which was the resolution he had taken of doing himself the justice, which my uncle *Toby's* clause in the marriage settlement empowered him; nor was it till the very night in which I was begot, which was thirteen months after, that she had the least intimation of his design:—when my father, happening, as you remember, to be a little chagrin'd and out of temper,—took occasion as they lay chatting gravely in bed afterwards, talking over what was to come, —— to let her know that she must accommodate herself as well as she could to the bargain made between

tween them in their marriage deeds ; which was to lye-in of her next child in the country, to balance the last year's journey.

My father was a gentleman of many virtues,——but he had a strong spice of that in his temper, which might, or might not, add to the number.——'Tis known by the name of perseverance in a good cause,——and of obstinacy in a bad one : Of this my mother had so much knowledge, that she knew 'twas to no purpose to make any remonstrance,——so she e'en resolved to sit down quietly, and make the most of it.

#### C H A P. XVIII.

**A**S the point was that night agreed, or rather determined, that my mother should lye-in of me in the country, she took her measures accordingly ; for which purpose,

purpose, when she was three days, or thereabouts, gone with child, she began to cast her eyes upon the midwife, whom you have so often heard me mention; and before the week was well got round, as the famous Dr. *Maningham* was not to be had, she had come to a final determination in her mind, — notwithstanding there was a scientifick operator within so near a call as eight miles of us, and who, moreover, had expressly wrote a five shillings book upon the subject of midwifry, in which he had exposed, not only the blunders of the sisterhood itself, — but had likewise superadded many curious improvements for the quicker extraction of the foetus in cross births, and some other cases of danger, which belay us in getting into the world; notwithstanding all this, my mother, I say, was absolutely determined to trust her life, and mine with it, into no soul's hand but this old woman's

only.——Now this I like;—when we cannot get at the very thing we wish,——never to take up with the next best in degree to it;—no; that's pitiful beyond description;——it is no more than a week from this very day, in which I am now writing this book for the edification of the world;——which is *March 9, 1759*,——that my dear, dear *Jenny*, observing I looked a little grave, as she stood cheapening a filk of five-and-twenty shillings a yard,——told the mercer, she was sorry she had given him so much trouble;—and immediately went and bought herself a yard-wide stuff of ten-pence a yard.——'Tis the duplication of one and the same greatness of soul; only what lessened the honour of it somewhat, in my mother's case, was, that she could not heroine it into so violent and hazardous an extream, as one in her situation might have wished, because the old midwife had really some little claim



claim to be depended upon,——as much, at least, as success could give her; having, in the course of her practice of near twenty years in the parish, brought every mother's son of them into the world without any one slip or accident which could fairly be laid to her account.

These facts, tho' they had their weight, yet did not altogether satisfy some few scruples and uneasinesses which hung upon my father's spirits in relation to his choice.—— To say nothing of the natural workings of humanity and justice,—or of the yearnings of parental and connubial love, all which prompted him to leave as little to hazard as possible in a case of this kind; ——he felt himself concerned in a particular manner, that all should go right in the present case; ——from the accumulated sorrow he lay open to, should any evil betide his wife and child

in lying-in at *Shandy-Hall*.—He knew the world judged by events, and would add to his afflictions in such a misfortune, by loading him with the whole blame of it.---“Alas  
 “ o’day ;——had Mrs. *Shandy*, poor gentle-  
 “ woman ! had but her wish in going up  
 “ to town just to lye-in and come down  
 “ again ;——which, they say, she begged  
 “ and prayed for upon her bare knees,——  
 “ and which, in my opinion, considering  
 “ the fortune which Mr. *Shandy* got with  
 “ her,——was no such mighty matter to  
 “ have complied with, the lady and her  
 “ babe might both of them have been alive  
 “ at this hour.”

This exclamation, my father knew, was unanswerable ;---and yet, it was not merely to shelter himself,——nor was it altogether for the care of his offspring and wife that he seemed so extremely anxious about this point ;

point ; — my father had extensive views of things, — and stood moreover, as he thought, deeply concerned in it for the publick good, from the dread he entertained of the bad uses an ill-fated instance might be put to.

He was very sensible that all political writers upon the subject had unanimously agreed and lamented, from the beginning of Queen *Elizabeth's* reign down to his own time, that the current of men and money towards the metropolis, upon one frivolous errand or another, — set in so strong, — as to become dangerous to our civil rights ; — tho', by the by, — a *current* was not the image he took most delight in, — a *distemper* was here his favourite metaphor, and he would run it down into a perfect allegory, by maintaining it was identically the same in the body national as in the body natural, where the blood and spirits were driven up into

the head faster than they could find their ways down ; — a stoppage of circulation must ensue, which was death in both cases.

There was little danger, he would say, of losing our liberties by *French* politicks or *French* invasions ; — nor was he so much in pain of a consumption from the mass of corrupted matter and ulcerated humours in our constitution, which he hoped was not so bad as it was imagined ; — but he verily feared, that in some violent push, we should go off all at once, in a state-apoplexy ; — and then he would say, *The Lord have mercy upon us all.*

My father was never able to give the history of this distemper, — without the remedy along with it.

“ Was I an absolute prince,” he would say, pulling up his breeches with both his hands.

hands, as he rose from his arm-chair, “ I  
 “ would appoint able judges, at every ave-  
 “ nue of my metropolis, who should take  
 “ cognizance of every fool’s business who  
 “ came there;—and if, upon a fair and  
 “ candid hearing, it appeared not of weight  
 “ sufficient to leave his own home, and come  
 “ bag and baggage, with his wife and chil-  
 “ dren, farmers sons, &c. &c. at his back-  
 “ side, they should be all sent back, from  
 “ constable to constable, like vagrants as  
 “ they were, to the place of their legal settle-  
 “ ments. By this means I shall take care,  
 “ that my metropolis totter’d not thro’ its  
 “ own weight;—that the head be no longer  
 “ too big for the body;—that the extremes,  
 “ now wasted and pin’d in, be restored to  
 “ their due share of nourishment, and re-  
 “ gain, with it, their natural strength and  
 “ beauty:—I would effectually provide,  
 “ That the meadows and corn-fields, of my  
 G 4 “ dominions,

“ dominions, shall laugh and sing ;——that  
 “ good cheer and hospitality flourish once  
 “ more,——and that such weight and influ-  
 “ ence be put thereby into the hands of the  
 “ Squirality of my kingdom, as should  
 “ counterpoise what I perceive my Nobility  
 “ are now taking from them.”

“ Why are there so few palaces and gen-  
 “ tlemen’s seats,” he would ask, with some  
 emotion, as he walked across the room,  
 “ throughout so many delicious provinces in  
 “ *France* ! Whence is it that the few remain-  
 “ ing *Chateaux* amongst them are so disman-  
 “ tled,—so unfurnished, and in so ruinous  
 “ and desolate a condition ?——Because,  
 “ Sir” (he would say) “ in that kingdom no  
 “ man has any country-interest to support ;  
 “ ——the little interest of any kind, which  
 “ any man has any where in it, is concen-  
 “ trated in the court, and the looks of the  
 “ Grand Monarch : by the sun-shine of  
 “ whose



“ whose countenance, or the clouds which  
 “ pass a cross it, every *French* man lives or  
 “ dies.”

Another political reason which prompted my father so strongly to guard against the least evil accident in my mother's lying-in in the country,——was, That any such instance would infallibly throw a balance of power, too great already, into the weaker vessels of the gentry, in his own, or higher stations;——which, with the many other usurped rights which that part of the constitution was hourly establishing,——would, in the end, prove fatal to the monarchical system of domestick government established in the first creation of things by God.

In this point he was entirely of Sir *Robert Filmer's* opinion, That the plans and institutions of the greatest monarchies in the eastern part of the world, were, originally,  
 all

all stolen from that admirable pattern and prototype of this household and paternal power;—which, for a century, he said, and more, had gradually been degenerating away into a mix'd government;—the form of which, however desirable in great combinations of the species,—was very troublesome in small ones,—and seldom produced any thing, that he saw, but sorrow and confusion.

For all these reasons, private and publick, put together,—my father was for having the man-midwife by all means,—my mother by no means. My father begg'd and intreated, she would for once recede from her prerogative in this matter, and suffer him to choose for her;—my mother, on the contrary, insisted upon her privilege in this matter, to choose for herself,—and have no mortal's help but the old woman's.—What could

my

my father do? He was almost at his wit's end;—talked it over with her in all moods;—placed his arguments in all lights;—argued the matter with her like a christian—like a heathen,—like a husband,—like a father,—like a patriot, — like a man : —My mother answered every thing only like a woman ; which was a little hard upon her ;—for as she could not assume and fight it out behind such a variety of characters,—'twas no fair match ;—'twas seven to one. —What could my mother do?—She had the advantage (otherwise she had been certainly overpowered) of a small reinforcement of chagrine personal at the bottom, which bore her up, and enabled her to dispute the affair with my father with so equal an advantage, —that both sides sung *Te Deum*. In a word, my mother was to have the old woman,—and the operator was to have licence to drink a bottle of wine with my father and my

my uncle *Toby Shandy* in the back parlour,—for which he was to be paid five guineas.

I must beg leave, before I finish this chapter, to enter a caveat in the breast of my fair reader ;—and it is this——Not to take it absolutely for granted, from an unguarded word or two which I have dropp'd in it, ——“ That I am a married man.”—I own the tender appellation of my dear, dear *Jenny*,——with some other strokes of conjugal knowledge, interspersed here and there, might, naturally enough, have misled the most candid judge in the world into such a determination against me.—All I plead for, in this case, Madam, is strict justice, and that you do so much of it, to me as well as to yourself,—as not to prejudge or receive, such an impression of me, till you have better evidence, than, I am positive, at present can be produced against me.—Not that I

can

can be so vain or unreasonable; Madam, as to desire you should therefore think, that my dear, dear *Jenny* is my kept mistress;—no, —that would be flattering my character in the other extreme, and giving it an air of freedom, which, perhaps, it has no kind of right to. All I contend for, is the utter impossibility for some volumes, that you, or the most penetrating spirit upon earth, should know how this matter really stands. —It is not impossible, but that my dear, dear *Jenny*! tender as the appellation is, may be my child.—Consider, —I was born in the year eighteen.—Nor is there any thing unnatural or extravagant in the supposition, that my dear *Jenny* may be my friend—Friend!—My friend.—Surely, Madam, a friendship between the two sexes may subsist, and be supported without—Fy! Mr. *Shandy*:—Without any thing, Madam, but that tender and delicious sentiment, which

ever mixes in friendship, where there is a difference of sex. Let me intreat you to study the pure and sentimental parts of the best *French Romances*;—it will really, Madam, astonish you to see with what a variety of chaste expressions this delicious sentiment, which I have the honour to speak of, is dress'd out.

## C H A P. XIX.

**I** Would sooner undertake to explain the hardest problem in geometry, than pretend to account for it; that a gentleman of my father's great good sense,—knowing, as the reader must have observed him, and curious too, in philosophy,—wise also in political reasoning,—and in polemical (as he will find) no way ignorant,—could be capable of entertaining a notion in his head,

fo



so out of the common track,——that I fear the reader, when I come to mention it to him, if he is the least of a cholerick temper, will immediately throw the book by; if mercurial, he will laugh most heartily at it;—and if he is of a grave and saturnine cast, he will, at first sight, absolutely condemn as fanciful and extravagant; and that was in respect to the choice and imposition of Christian names, on which he thought a great deal more depended than what superficial minds were capable of conceiving.

His opinion, in this matter, was, That there was a strange kind of magick bias, which good or bad names, as he called them, irresistibly impressed upon our characters and conduct.

The Hero of *Cervantes* argued not the point with more seriousness, — nor had he  
more

more faith,——or more to say on the powers of necromancy in dishonouring his deeds, or on DULCINEA's name, in shedding lustre upon them, than my father had on those of TRISMEGISTUS or ARCHIMEDES, on the one hand,——or of NYKY and SIMKIN on the other. How many CÆSARS and POMPEYS, he would say, by mere inspiration of the names, have been rendered worthy of them? And how many, he would add, are there, who might have done exceeding well in the world, had not their characters and spirits been totally depressed and NICODEMUS'D into nothing?

I see plainly, Sir, by your looks, (or as the case happened) my father would say,——that you do not heartily subscribe to this opinion of mine,——which, to those, he would add, who have not carefully sifted it to the bottom,——I own has an air more of  
fancy

fancy than of solid reasoning in it;—and yet, my dear Sir, if I may presume to know your character, I am morally assured, I should hazard little in stating a case to you, not as a party in the dispute,—but as a judge, and trusting my appeal upon it to your own good sense and candid disquisition in this matter;—you are a person free from as many narrow prejudices of education as most men;—and, if I may presume to penetrate further into you,—of a liberality of genius above bearing down an opinion, merely because it wants friends. Your son——your dear son,—from whose sweet and open temper you have so much to expect.—Your BILLY, Sir!—would you, for the world, have called him JUPAS?—Would you, my dear Sir, he would say, laying his hand upon your breast, with the gentlest address,—and in that soft and irresistible *piang* of voice, which the nature

of the *argumentum ad hominem* absolutely requires,—Would you, Sir, if a *Jew* of a god-father had proposed the name for your child, and offered you his purse along with it, would you have consented to such a desecration of him?—O my God! he would say, looking up, if I know your temper right, Sir,—you are incapable of it;—you would have trampled upon the offer;—you would have thrown the temptation at the tempter's head with abhorrence.

Your greatness of mind in this action, which I admire, with that generous contempt of money, which you shew me in the whole transaction, is really noble;—and what renders it more so, is the principle of it;—the workings of a parent's love upon the truth and conviction of this very hypothesis, namely, That was your son called **JUDAS**, the fordid and treacherous idea, so  
inseparable

inseparable from the name, would have accompanied him through life like his shadow, and, in the end, made a miser and a rascal of him, in spight, Sir, of your example.

I never knew a man able to answer this argument.—But, indeed, to speak of my father as he was ;—he was certainly irresistible ; both in his orations and disputations ;—he was born an orator ;—*Θεοδιδαν*. Persuasion hung upon his lips, and the elements of Logick and Rhetorick were so blended up in him,—and, withall, he had so shrewd a guess at the weaknesses and passions of his respondent,——that NATURE might have stood up and said,—“ This man is eloquent.” In short, whether he was on the weak or the strong side of the question, ’twas hazardous in either case to attack him.—And yet, ’twas strange, he had never read *Cicero* nor *Quintilian de Oratore*, nor *Isocra-*

tes, nor *Aristotle*, nor *Longinus* amongst the  
 antients;—nor *Vossius*, nor *Skioppius*, nor  
*Ramus*, nor *Farnaby* amongst the moderns;  
 —and what is more astonishing, he had ne-  
 ver in his whole life the least light or spark  
 of subtilty struck into his mind, by one  
 single lecture upon *Crackenthorp* or *Burgesf-*  
*dius*, or any *Dutch* logician or commenta-  
 tor;—he knew not so much as in what the  
 difference of an argument *ad ignorantiam*,  
 and an argument *ad hominem* consisted; so  
 that I well remember, when he went up a-  
 long with me to enter my name at *Jesus Col-*  
*lege* in \*\*\*\*,—it was a matter of just won-  
 der with my worthy tutor, and two or three  
 fellows of that learned society,—that a man  
 who knew not so much as the names of his  
 tools, should be able to work after that  
 fashion with them.



To work with them in the best manner he could, was what my father was, however, perpetually forced upon ;—for he had a thousand little sceptical notions of the comick kind to defend,——most of which notions, I verily believe, at first entered upon the footing of mere whims, and of a *vive la Bagatelle* ; and as such he would make merrery with them for half an hour or so, and having sharpened his wit upon them, dismiss them till another day.

I mention this, not only as matter of hypothesis or conjecture upon the progress and establishment of my father's many odd opinions,——but as a warning to the learned reader against the indiscreet reception of such guests, who, after a free and undisturbed entrance, for some years, into our brains,——at length claim a kind of settlement

there,——working sometimes like yeast ;—but more generally after the manner of the gentle passion, beginning in jest,—but ending in downright earnest.

Whether this was the case of the singularity of my father's notions,—or that his judgment, at length, became the dupe of his wit ;—or how far, in many of his notions, he might, though odd, be absolutely right ;—the reader, as he comes at them, shall decide. All that I maintain here, is, that in this one, of the influence of Christian names, however it gained footing, he was serious ; he was all uniformity ;——he was systematical, and, like all systematick reasoners ; he would move both heaven and earth, and twist and torture every thing in nature, to support his hypothesis. In a word, I repeat it over again ;—he was serious ;—and, in consequence of it, he would lose

lose all kind of patience when ever he saw people, especially of condition, who should have known better,——as careless and as indifferent about the name they imposed upon their child, —— or more so, than in the choice of *Ponto* or *Cupid* for their puppy-dog.

This, he would say, look'd ill;——and had, moreover, this particular aggravation in it, *viz.* That when once a vile name was wrongfully or injudiciously given, 'twas not like the case of a man's character, which, when wrong'd, might hereafter be cleared; ——and, possibly, some time or other, if not in the man's life, at least after his death,——be, somehow or other, set to rights with the world: But the injury of this, he would say, could never be undone; ——nay, he doubted even whether an act of parliament could reach it;——He knew

as well as you, that the legislature assumed a power over surnames;—but for very strong reasons, which he could give, it had never yet ventured, he would say, to go a step further.

It was observable, that tho' my father, in consequence of this opinion, had, as I have told you, the strongest likings and dislikings towards certain names;—that there were still numbers of names which hung so equally in the balance before him, that they were absolutely indifferent to him. *Jack*, *Dick*, and *Tom* were of this class: These my father called neutral names!—affirming of them, without a satyr, That there had been as many knaves and fools, at least, as wise and good men, since the world began, who had indifferently borne them;—so that, like equal forces acting against each other in contrary directions, he thought they mutually

mutually destroyed each other's effects; for which reason, he would often declare, He would not give a cherry-stone to choose amongst them. *Bob*, which was my brother's name, was another of these neutral kinds of Christian names, which operated very little either way; and as my father happen'd to be at *Epsom*, when it was given him,—he would oft-times thank heaven it was no worse. *Andrew* was something like a negative quantity in Algebra with him;—'twas worse, he said, than nothing—*William* stood pretty high:—*Numps* again was low with him:—and *Nick*, he said, was the DEVIL.

But, of all the names in the universe, he had the most unconquerable aversion for *TRISTRAM*;—he had the lowest and most contemptible opinion of it of any thing in the world,—thinking it could possibly produce nothing in *rerum naturâ*, but what was extremely

treably mean and pitiful : So that in the midst of a dispute on the subject, in which, by the bye, he was frequently involved,—he would sometimes break off in a sudden and spirited EPIPHONEMA, or rather EROTESIS, raised a third, and sometimes a full fifth, above the key of the discourse,—and demand it categorically of his antagonist, Whether he would take upon him to say, he had ever remembered,——whether he had ever read,——or even, whether he had ever heard tell of a man, called *Tristram*, performing any thing great or worth recording ? —No—, he would say,—TRISTRAM ! —The thing is impossible.

What could be wanting in my father but to have wrote a book to publish this notion of his to the world ? Little boots it to the subtle speculatist to stand single in his opinions,——unless he gives them proper vent : —It



—It was the identical thing which my father did:—for in the year sixteen, which was two years before I was born, he was at the pains of writing an express DISSERTATION simply upon the word *Tristram*,—shewing the world, with great candour and modesty, the grounds of his great abhorrence to the name.

When this story is compared with the title-page,——Will not the gentle reader pity my father from his soul?—to see an orderly and well disposed gentleman, who tho' singular, — yet inoffensive in his notions,—so played upon in them by cross purposes;—to look down upon the stage, and see him baffled and overthrown in all his little systems and wishes; to behold a train of events perpetually falling out against him, and in so critical and cruel a way, as if they had proposedly been plann'd and pointed against him,  
merely

merely to insult his speculations.——In a word, to behold such a one, in his old age, ill-fitted for troubles, ten times in a day suffering sorrow; ten times in a day calling the child of his prayers TRISTRAM!——Melancholy disyllable of sound! which, to his ears, was unison to *Nicompoop*, and every name vituperative under heaven.——By his ashes! I swear it,——if ever malignant spirit took pleasure, or busied itself by traversing the purposes of mortal man,——it must have been here;——and if it was not necessary I should be born before I was christened, I would this moment give the reader an account of it.

## CHAP. XX.

——How could you, Madam, be so inattentive in reading the last chapter? I told you in it, *That my mother was not a papist.*  
——Papist!

—Papist! You told me no such thing, Sir. Madam I beg leave to repeat it over again, That I told you as plain, at least, as words, by direct inference, could tell you such a thing.—Then, Sir, I must have miss'd a page.—No, Madam,—you have not miss'd a word.—Then I was asleep, Sir.—My pride, Madam, cannot allow you that refuge.—Then, I declare, I know nothing at all about the matter.—That, Madam, is the very fault I lay to your charge; and as a punishment for it, I do insist upon it, that you immediately turn back, that is as soon as you get to the next full stop, and read the whole chapter over again. I have imposed this penance upon the lady, neither out of wantonness or cruelty; but from the best of motives; and therefore shall make her no apology for it when she returns back:—'Tis to rebuke a vicious taste which has crept into thousands besides herself,—of  
reading

reading straight forwards, more in quest of the adventures, than of the deep erudition, and knowledge which a book of this cast, if read over as it should be, would infallibly impart with them.—The mind should be accustomed to make wise reflections, and draw curious conclusions as it goes along; the habitude of which made *Pliny* the younger affirm, “ That he never read a book so bad, but he drew some profit from it.” The stories of *Greece* and *Rome*, run over without this turn and application,—do less service, I affirm it, than the history of *Parismus* and *Parismenus*, or of the Seven Champions of *England*, read with it.

—But here comes my fair Lady. Have you read over again the chapter, Madam, as I desired you?—You have : And did you not observe the passage, upon the second reading, which admits the inference?—Not a word

a word like it! Then, Madam, be pleased to ponder well the last line but one of the chapter, where I take upon me to say, “ It was *necessary* I should be born before I was christen’d. Had my mother, Madam, been a Papist, that consequence did not follow \*.

It

\* The *Romish* Rituals direct the baptizing of the child, in cases of danger, *before* it is born;---but upon this proviso, That some part or other of the child’s body be seen by the baptizer:—But the Doctors of the *Sorbonne*, by a deliberation held amongst them, *April* 10, 1733, — have enlarged the powers of the midwives, by determining, That tho’ no part of the child’s body should appear, — that baptism shall, nevertheless, be administered to it by injection, *par le moyen d’une petite Canulle*, — *Anglicè* a *squirt*. — ’Tis very strange that *St. Thomas Aquinas*, who had so good a mechanical head, both for tying and untying the knots of school divinity, — should, after so much pains bestowed upon this, — give up the point at last, as a second *La chose impossible*, — “ *Infantes* in

It is a terrible misfortune for this same book of mine, but more so to the Republick of Letters ;—so that my own is quite swallowed up in the consideration of it,—that this self same vile pruriency for fresh adventures in all things, has got so strongly into our habit, and humours,—and so wholly intent are we upon satisfying the impatience of our concupiscence that way,—that nothing but the gross and more carnal parts of a composition will down :—The subtle hints and fly communications of science fly off, like spirits, upwards ;—the heavy moral escapes downwards ; and both the one and the other are  
as

in maternis uteris existentes (quoth St. Thomas ! ) baptizari possunt *nullo modo*." — O Thomas ! Thomas !

If the reader has the curiosity to see the question upon baptism, *by injection*, as presented to the Doctors of the *Sorbonne*, — with their consultation thereupon, it is as follows.



as much lost to the world, as if they were still left in the bottom of the ink-horn.

I wish the male-reader has not pass'd by many a one, as quaint and curious as this one, in which the female-reader has been detected. I wish it may have its effects;— and that all good people, both male and female, from her example, may be taught to think as well as read.

MEMOIRE présenté à Messieurs les Docteurs  
de SORBONNE \*.

*UN Chirurgien Accoucheur, représente à  
Messieurs les Docteurs de Sorbonne, qu'il  
y a des cas, quoique très rares, où une mere ne  
sçauroit accoucher, & même où l'enfant est tel-  
lement renfermé dans le sein de sa mere, qu'il*

Vide Deventer, Paris Edit. 4to, 1734. p. 366.

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ne

ne fait paroître aucune partie de son corps, ce qui seroit un cas, suivant les Rituels, de lui conférer, du moins sous condition, le baptême. Le Chirurgien, qui consulte, prétend, par le moyen d'une petite canulle, de pouvoir baptiser immédiatement l'enfant, sans faire aucun tort à la mere. — Il demand si ce moyen, qu'il vient de proposer, est permis & légitime, & s'il peut s'en servir dans le cas qu'il vient d'exposer.

## R E P O N S E.

**L**E Conseil estime, que la question proposée souffre de grandes difficultés. Les Théologiens posent d'un côté pour principe, que le baptême, qui est une naissance spirituelle, suppose une première naissance; il faut être né dans le monde, pour renaître en Jesus Christ, comme ils l'enseignent. S. Thomas, 3 part. quæst. 88. artic. 11. suit cette doctrine comme une vérité

*verité constante ; l'on ne peut, dit ce S. Doc-*  
*teur, baptiser les enfans qui sont renfermés dans*  
*le sein de leurs Meres, & S. Thomas est fondé*  
*sur ce, que les enfans ne sont point nés, & ne*  
*peuvent être comptés parmi les autres hommes ;*  
*d'où il conclut, qu'ils ne peuvent être l'objet*  
*d'une action extérieure, pour recevoir par leur*  
*ministère, les sacremens nécessaires au salut :*  
*Pueri in maternis uteris existentes nondum*  
*prodierunt in lucem ut cum aliis hominibus*  
*vitam ducant ; unde non possunt subijci ac-*  
*tioni humanæ, ut per eorum ministerium*  
*sacramenta recipiant ad salutem. Les rituel-*  
*els ordonnent dans la pratique ce que les théolo-*  
*giens ont établi sur les mêmes matières, & ils*  
*deffendent tous d'une manière uniforme, de bap-*  
*tiser les enfans qui sont renfermés dans le sein*  
*de leurs meres, s'ils ne font paroître quelque*  
*partie de leurs corps. Le concours des théologi-*  
*ens, & des rituels, qui sont les règles des dio-*  
*cèses, paroît former une autorité qui termine la*

question présente ; cependant le conseil de conscience considérant d'un côté, que le raisonnement des théologiens est uniquement fondé sur une raison de convenance, & que la deffense des rituels, suppose que l'on ne peut baptiser immédiatement les enfans ainsi renfermés dans le sein de leurs meres, ce qui est contre la supposition présente ; & d'un autre côté, considérant que les mêmes théologiens enseignent, que l'on peut risquer les sacremens que Jesus Christ a établis comme des moyens faciles, mais nécessaires pour sanctifier les hommes ; & d'ailleurs estimant, que les enfans renfermés dans le sein de leurs meres, pourroient être capables de salut, parcequ'ils sont capables de damnation ; — pour ces considerations, & en égard à l'exposé, suivant lequel on assure avoir trouvé un moyen certain de baptiser ces enfans ainsi renfermés, sans faire aucun tort à la mere, le Conseil estime que l'on pourroit se servir du moyen proposé, dans la confiance qu'il a, que Dieu n'a point laissé ces sortes d'enfans sans  
aucuns

aucuns secours, & supposant, comme il est exposé, que le moyen dont il s'agit est propre à leur procurer le baptême; cependant comme il s'agiroit, en autorisant la pratique proposée, de changer une regle universellement établie, le Conseil croit que celui qui consulte doit s'adresser à son évêque, & à qui il appartient de juger de l'utilité, & du danger du moyen proposé, & comme, sous le bon plaisir de l'évêque, le conseil estime qu'il faudroit recourir au Pape, qui a le droit d'expliquer les règles de l'église, & d'y déroger dans le cas, ou la loi ne sçauroit obliger, quelque sage & quelque utile que paroisse la manière de baptiser dont il s'agit, le conseil ne pourroit l'approuver sans le concours de ces deux autorités. On conseille au moins à celui qui consulte, de s'adresser à son évêque, & de lui faire part de la présente décision, afin que, si le prelat entre dans les raisons sur lesquelles les docteurs soussignés s'appuyent, il puisse être autorisé dans le cas de nécessité, ou il risqueroit

*trop d'attendre que la permission fût demandée & accordée d'employer le moyen qu'il propose si avantageux au salut de l'enfant. Au reste, le conseil, en estimant, que l'on pourroit s'en servir, croit cependant, que si les enfans dont il s'agit, venoient au monde, contre l'esperance de ceux qui seroient servis du même moyen, il seroit nécessaire de les baptiser sous condition; & en cela le conseil se conforme à tous les rituels, qui en autorisant le baptême d'un enfant qui fait paroître quelque partie de son corps, enjoignent néanmoins, & ordonnent de le baptiser sous condition, s'il vient heureusement au monde.*

*Délibéré en Sorbonne, le 10 Avril, 1733.*

*A. LE MOYNE.*

*L. De ROMIGNY.*

*DE MARCILLY.*

*Mr.*



Mr. *Tristram Shandy's* compliments to Messrs. *Le Moyne, De Romigny, and De Marcilly*; hopes they all rested well the night after so tiresome a consultation.—He begs to know, whether, after the ceremony of marriage, and before that of consummation, the baptizing all the HOMUNCULI at once, slapdash, by *injection*, would not be a shorter and safer cut still; on condition, as above, That if the HOMUNCULI do well, and come safe into the world after this, that each and every of them shall be baptized again (*sous condition.*)——And provided, in the second place, That the thing can be done, which Mr. *Shandy* apprehends it may, *par le moyen d'une petite canulle*, and *sans faire aucun tort à la mere.*

## C H A P. XXI.

——I wonder what's all that noise, and running backwards and forwards for, above stairs, quoth my father, addressing himself, after an hour and a half's silence, to my uncle *Toby*,—who you must know, was sitting on the opposite side of the fire, smoking his social pipe all the time, in mute contemplation of a new pair of black plush-breeches which he had got on:—What can they be doing, brother?—quoth my father,—we can scarce hear ourselves talk.

I think, replied my uncle *Toby*, taking his pipe from his mouth, and striking the head of it two or three times upon the nail of the left thumb, as he began his sentence, ——I think, says he : ——But to enter rightly into my uncle *Toby*'s sentiments upon this matter,

matter, you must be made to enter first a little into his character, the out-lines of which I shall just give you, and then the dialogue between him and my father will go on as well again.

——Pray what was that man's name,——for I write in such a hurry, I have no time to recollect or look for it,——who first made the observation, “That there was great inconstancy in our air and climate?” Whoever he was, 'twas a just and good observation in him.—But the corollary drawn from it, namely, “That it is this which has furnished us with such a variety of odd and whimsical characters;”—that was not his;—it was found out by another man, at least a century and a half after him:——Then again,—that this copious store-house of original materials, is the true and natural cause that our Comedies are so much better than those of *France*,

or

or any others that either have, or can be wrote upon the Continent;—that discovery was not fully made till about the middle of King *William's* reign, when the great *Dryden*, in writing one of his long prefaces, (if I mistake not) most fortunately hit upon it. Indeed towards the latter end of queen *Anne*, the great *Addison* began to patronize the notion, and more fully explained it to the world in one or two of his *Spectators*;—but the discovery was not his.——Then, fourthly and lastly, that this strange irregularity in our climate, producing so strange an irregularity in our characters——doth thereby, in some sort, make us amends, by given us somewhat to make us merry with when the weather will not suffer us to go out of doors,—that observation is my own; and was struck out by me this very rainy day, *March 26, 1759*, and betwixt the hour of nine and ten in the morning.

Thus,

Thus,——thus, my fellow-labourers and associates in this great harvest of our learning, now ripening before our eyes; thus it is, by slow steps of casual increase, that our knowledge physical, metaphysical, physiological, polemical, nautical, mathematical, ænigmatical, technical, biographical, romantical, chemical, and obstetrical, with fifty other branches of it, (most of 'em ending, as these do, in *ical*) have, for these two last centuries and more, gradually been creeping upwards towards that *Ἀκμή* of their perfections, from which, if we may form a conjecture from the advantages of these last seven years, we cannot possibly be far off.

When that happens, it is to be hoped, it will put an end to all kind of writings whatsoever;——the want of all kind of writing will put an end to all kind of reading; ——and

——and that in time, *As war begets poverty, poverty peace*,——must, in course, put an end to all kind of knowledge,——and then——we shall have all to begin over again; or, in other words, be exactly where we started.

——Happy! thrice happy times! I only wish that the æra of my begetting, as well as the mode and manner of it, had been a little alter'd,——or that it could have been put off, with any convenience to my father or mother, for some twenty or five-and-twenty years longer, when a man in the literary world might have stood some chance———

But I forgot my uncle *Toby*, whom all this while we have left knocking the ashes out of his tobacco-pipe.

His humour was of that particular species, which does honour to our atmosphere; and

I



I should have made no scruple of ranking him amongst one of the first rate productions of it, had not there appeared too many strong lines in it of a family-likeness, which shewed that he derived the singularity of his temper more from blood, than either wind or water, or any modifications or combinations of them whatever: And I have, therefore, oft-times wondered, that my father, tho' I believe he had his reasons for it, upon his observing some tokens of excentricity in my course when I was a boy,—should never once endeavour to account for them in this way; for all the SHANDY FAMILY were of an original character throughout:——I mean the males,——the females had no character at all,—except, indeed, my great aunt DINAH, who, about sixty years ago, was married and got with child by the coachman, for which my father, according to his hypothesis of Christian names, would often say;  
 She

She might thank her godfathers and godmothers.

It will seem very strange,——and I would as soon think of dropping a riddle in the reader's way, which is not my interest to do, as set him upon guessing how it would come to pass, that an event of this kind, so many years after it had happened, should be reserved for the interruption of the peace and unity, which otherwise so cordially subsisted, between my father and my uncle *Toby*. One would have thought, that the whole force of the misfortune should have spent and wasted itself in the family at first,—as is generally the case.——But nothing ever wrought with our family after the ordinary way. Possibly at the very time this happened, it might have something else to afflict it; and as afflictions are sent down for our good, and that as this had never done the SHANDY

FAMILY any good at all, it might lye waiting till apt times and circumstances should give it an opportunity to discharge its office.

—Observe, I determine nothing upon this. —My way is ever to point out to the curious, different tracts of investigation, to come at the first springs of the events I tell; —not with a pedantic *Fescue*, —or in the decisive manner of *Tacitus*, who outwits himself and his reader; —but with the officious humility of a heart devoted to the assistance merely of the inquisitive; —to them I write, —and by them I shall be read, —if any such reading as this could be supposed to hold out so long, —to the very end of the world.

Why this cause of sorrow, therefore, was thus reserved for my father and uncle, is undetermined by me. But how and in what direction it exerted itself, so as to become

come the cause of dissatisfaction between them, after it began to operate, is what I am able to explain with great exactness, and is as follows :

My uncle *TOBY SHANDY*, Madam, was a gentleman, who, with the virtues which usually constitute the character of a man of honour and rectitude,——possessed one in a very eminent degree, which is seldom or never put into the catalogue; and that was a most extream and unparallel'd modesty of nature,——tho' I correct the word nature, for this reason, that I may not prejudge a point which must shortly come to a hearing, and that is, Whether this modesty of his was natural or acquir'd.——Which ever way my uncle *Toby* came by it, 'twas nevertheless modesty in the truest sense of it; and that is, Madam, not in regard to words, for he was so unhappy as to have  
very

very little choice in them,—but to things ;  
 — and this kind of modesty so possessed  
 him, and it arose to such a height in him,  
 as almost to equal, if such a thing could be,  
 even the modesty of a woman : That female  
 nicety, Madam, and inward cleanliness of  
 mind and fancy, in your sex, which makes  
 you so much the awe of ours.

You will imagine, Madam, that my un-  
 cle *Toby* had contracted all this from this  
 very source ;—that he had spent a great part  
 of his time in converse with your sex ; and  
 that from a thorough knowledge of you,  
 and the force of imitation which such fair  
 examples render irresistible, — he had ac-  
 quired this amiable turn of mind.

I wish I could say so,—for unless it was  
 with his sister-in-law, my father's wife, and  
 my mother,—my uncle *Toby* scarce ex-

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changed

changed three words with the sex in as many years ;—no, he got it, Madam, by a blow.—A blow !—Yes, Madam, it was owing to a blow from a stone, broke off by a ball from the parapet of a horn-work at the siege of *Namur*, which struck full upon my uncle *Toby's* groin —Which way could that effect it ? The story of that, Madam, is long and interesting ; — but it would be running my history all upon heaps to give it you here.—'Tis for an episode hereafter ; and every circumstance relating to it, in its proper place, shall be faithfully laid before you :—'Till then, it is not in my power to give further light into this matter, or say more than what I have said already,—That my uncle *Toby* was a gentleman of unparallel'd modesty, which happening to be somewhat subtilized and rarified by the constant heat of a little family-pride, — they both so wrought together within



within him, that he could never bear to hear the affair of my aunt DINAH touch'd upon, but with the greatest emotion.—— The least hint of it was enough to make the blood fly into his face; but when my father enlarged upon the story in mixed companies, which the illustration of his hypothesis frequently obliged him to do,—— the unfortunate blight of one of the fairest branches of the family, would set my uncle *Toby's* honour and modesty o'bleeding; and he would often take my father aside, in the greatest concern imaginable, to expostulate and tell him, he would give him any thing in the world, only to let the story rest.

My father, I believe, had the truest love and tenderness for my uncle *Toby*, that ever one brother bore towards another, and would have done any thing in nature, which one brother in reason could have desir'd of another,

ther, to have made my uncle *Toby's* heart easy in this, or any other point. But this lay out of his power,

——My father, as I told you, was a philosopher in grain,—speculative,—systematical;—and my aunt *Dinah's* affair was a matter of as much consequence to him, as the retrogradation of the planets to *Copernicus*:  
 ——The backslidings of *Venus* in her orbit fortified the *Copernican* system, called so after his name; and the backslidings of my aunt *Dinah* in her orbit, did the same service in establishing my father's system, which, I trust, will for ever hereafter be called the *Shandean System*, after his.

In any other family dishonour, my father, I believe, had as nice a sense of shame as any man whatever;——and neither he, nor I dare

dare say, *Copernicus*, would have divulged the affair in either case, or have taken the least notice of it to the world, but for the obligations they owed, as they thought, to truth.—*Amicus Plato*, my father would say, construing the words to my uncle *Toby*, as he went along, *Amicus Plato*; that is, *DI-NAH* was my aunt;—*sed magis amica veritas*—but *TRUTH* is my sister.

This contrariety of humours betwixt my father and my uncle, was the source of many a fraternal squabble. The one could not bear to hear the tale of family disgrace recorded—and the other would scarce ever let a day pass to an end without some hint at it.

For God's sake, my uncle *Toby* would cry,—and for my sake, and for all our sakes, my dear brother *Shandy*,—do let

this story of our aunt's and her ashes sleep in peace ;——how can you,——how can you have so little feeling and compassion for the character of our family.——What is the character of a family to an hypothesis ; my father would reply.——Nay, if you come to that——what is the life of a family :——The life of a family ! my uncle *Toby* would say, throwing himself back in his arm-chair, and lifting up his hands, his eyes, and one leg.——Yes, the life,——my father would say, maintaining his point. How many thousands of 'em are there every year that come cast away, (in all civilized countries at least)——and consider'd as nothing but common air, in competition of an hypothesis. In my plain sense of things, my uncle *Toby*, would answer,——every such instance is downright MURDER, let who will commit it.——There lies your mistake, my father would reply ;——for, in *Foro Scientiæ* there is no such

such thing as MURDER,—'tis only DEATH, brother.

My uncle *Toby* would never offer to answer this by any other kind of argument, than that of whistling half a dozen bars of *Lillebullero*.—You must know it was the usual channel thro' which his passions got vent, when any thing shocked or surprized him;—but especially when any thing, which he deem'd very absurd, was offered.

As not one of our logical writers, nor any of the commentators upon them, that I remember, have thought proper to give a name to this particular species of argument,—I here take the liberty to do it myself, for two reasons. First, that, in order to prevent all confusion in disputes, it may stand as much distinguished for ever, from every other species of argument—as the *Argumentum ad Verecundiam, ex Absurdo, ex Fortiori,*

*Fortiori*, or any other argument whatsoever:  
 —And secondly, That it may be said by my  
 children's children, when my head is laid  
 to rest,——that their learn'd grand-father's  
 head had been busied to as much purpose  
 once, as other people's;——That he had  
 invented a name,——and generously thrown  
 it into the TREASURY of the *Ars Logica*,  
 for one of the most unanswerable arguments  
 in the whole science. And if the end of  
 disputation is more to silence than convince,  
 ——they may add, if they please, to one of  
 the best arguments too.

I do therefore, by these presents, strictly  
 order and command, That it be known and  
 distinguished by the name and title of the *Ar-*  
*gumentum Fistulatorium*, and no other;——and  
 that it rank hereafter with the *Argumentum Ba-*  
*culinum*, and the *Argumentum ad Crumenam*,  
 and for ever hereafter be treated of in the  
 same chapter.

As



As for the *Argumentum Tripodium*, which is never used but by the woman against the man ;—and the *Argumentum ad Rem*, which, contrarywise, is made use of by the man only against the woman ;——As these two are enough in conscience for one lecture ;—and, moreover, as the one is the best answer to the other,——let them likewise be kept apart, and be treated of in a place by themselves.

## C H A P. XXII.

THE learned Bishop *Hall*, I mean the famous Dr. *Joseph Hall*, who was Bishop of *Exeter*, in King *James* the First's reign, tells us in one of his *Decads*, at the end of his divine art of meditation, imprinted at *London*, in the year 1610, by *John Beal* dwelling in *Aldersgate-street*, “ That it is “ an abominable thing for a man to commend himself ;”—and I really think it is so.

And

And yet, on the other hand, when a thing is executed in a masterly kind of a fashion, which thing is not likely to be found out;— I think it is full as abominable, that a man should lose the honour of it, and go out of the world with the conceit of its rotting in his head.

This is precisely my situation.

For in this long digression which I was accidentally led into, as in all my digressions (one only excepted) there is a master-stroke of digressive skill, the merit of which has all along, I fear, been overlooked by my reader,——not for want of penetration in him, ——but because 'tis an excellence seldom looked for, or expected indeed, in a digression; ——and it is this: That tho' my digressions are all fair, as you observe,——and that I fly off from what I am about, as far, and as often

often too, as any writer in *Great-Britain*; yet I constantly take care to order affairs so, that my main business does not stand still in my absence.

I was just going, for example, to have given you the great out-lines of my uncle *Toby's* most whimsical character;—when my aunt *Dinah* and the coachman came a-cross us, and led us a vagary some millions of miles into the very heart of the planetary system: Notwithstanding all this, you perceive that the drawing of my uncle *Toby's* character went on gently all the time;—not the great contours of it,——that was impossible, —but some familiar strokes and faint designations of it, were here and there touch'd on, as we went along, so that you are much better acquainted with my uncle *Toby* now than you was before.

By

By this contrivance the machinery of my work is of a species by itself; two contrary motions are introduced into it, and reconciled, which are thought to be at variance with each other. In a word, my work is digressive, and it is progressive too,—and at the same time.

This, Sir, is a very different story from that of the earth's moving round her axis, in her diurnal rotation, with her progress in her elliptick orbit which brings about the year, and constitutes that variety and vicissitude of seasons we enjoy;—though I own it suggested the thought,—as I believe the greatest of our boasted improvements and discoveries have come from some such trifling hints.

Digressions, incontestably are the sunshine;—they are the life, the soul of reading;—take them out of this book for instance,—you might as well take the book along

along with them;—one cold eternal winter would reign in every part of it; restore them to the writer;—he steps forth like a bridegroom,—bids All hail; brings in variety, and forbids the appetite to fail.

All the dexterity is in the good cookery and management of them, so as to be not only for the advantage of the reader, but also of the author, whose distress, in this matter, is truly pitiable: For, if he begins a digression,—from that moment, I observe, his whole work stands stock still;—and if he goes on with his main work,—then there is an end of his digression.

—This is vile work.—For which reason, from the beginning of this, you see, I have constructed the main work and the adventitious parts of it with such interfections, and have so complicated and involved the digressive

digressive and progressive movements, one wheel within another, that the whole machine, in general, has been kept a-going;—and, what's more, it shall be kept a-going these forty years, if it pleases the fountain of health to bless me so long with life and good spirits.

### C H A P. XXIII.

**I** Have a strong propensity in me to begin this chapter very nonsensically, and I will not balk my fancy.—Accordingly I set off thus.

If the fixture of *Momus's* glass in the human breast, according to the proposed emendation of that arch-critick, had taken place,——first, This foolish consequence would certainly have followed,——That the very wisest and the very gravest of us all, in one coin or other, must have paid window-money every day of our lives.

And,



And, secondly, That had the said glass been there set up, nothing more would have been wanting, in order to have taken a man's character, but to have taken a chair and gone softly, as you would to a dioptrical bee-hive, and look'd in,—view'd the soul stark naked ;—observed all her motions,—her machinations ;—traced all her maggots from their first engendering to their crawling forth ;—watched her loose in her frisks, her gambols, her capricios ; and after some notice of her more solemn deportment, consequent upon such frisks, &c.—then taken your pen and ink and set down nothing but what you had seen, and could have sworn to :—But this is an advantage not to be had by the biographer in this planet ; in the planet *Mercury* (belike) it may be so, if not better still for him ;—for there the intense heat of the country, which is proved by computators, from its vicinity to the sun, to  
be

be more than equal to that of red hot iron, — must, I think, long ago have vitrified the bodies of the inhabitants, (as the efficient cause) to suit them for the climate (which is the final cause;) so that, betwixt them both, all the tenements of their souls, from top to bottom, may be nothing else, for aught the soundest philosophy can shew to the contrary, but one fine transparent body of clear glass (bating the umbilical knot;) — so, that till the inhabitants grow old and tolerably wrinkled, whereby the rays of light, in passing through them, become so monstrously refracted, — or return reflected from their surfaces in such transverse lines to the eye, that a man cannot be seen thro'; — his soul might as well, unless for more ceremony, — or the trifling advantage which the umbilical point gave her, — might, upon all other accounts, I say, as well play the fool out o'doors as in her own house.

But

But this, as I said above, is not the case of the inhabitants of this earth ;—our minds shine not through the body, but are wrapt up here in a dark covering of uncrystalized flesh and blood ; so that if we would come to the specifick characters of them, we must go some other way to work.

Many, in good truth, are the ways which human wit has been forced to take to do this thing with exactness.

Some, for instance, draw all their characters with wind instruments.—*Virgil* takes notice of that way in the affair of *Dido* and *Æneas* ;—but it is as fallacious as the breath of fame ;—and, moreover, bespeaks a narrow genius. I am not ignorant that the *Italians* pretend to a mathematical exactness in their designations of one particular sort of character among them, from the *forte* or

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*piana*

piano of a certain wind instrument they use,  
 ——which they say is infallible.——I dare  
 not mention the name of the instrument in  
 this place;——'tis sufficient we have it a-  
 mongst us,—but never think of making a  
 drawing by it;——this is ænigmatical, and  
 intended to be so, at least, *ad populum*:—  
 And therefore I beg, Madam, when you  
 come here, that you read on as fast as you  
 can, and never stop to make any inquiry a-  
 bout it,

There are others again, who will draw  
 a man's character from no other helps in the  
 world, but merely from his evacuations;—  
 but this often gives a very incorrect out-line,  
 —unless, indeed, you take a sketch of his re-  
 pletions too; and by correcting one drawing  
 from the other, compound one good figure  
 out of them both.

I should

I should have no objection to this method, but that I think it must smell too strong of the lamp, and be render'd still more operose, by forcing you to have an eye to the rest of his *Non-Naturals*. — Why the most natural actions of a man's life should be call'd his *Non-Naturals*,—is another question,

There are others, fourthly, who disdain every one of these expedients;—not from any fertility of his own, but from the various ways of doing it, which they have borrowed from the honourable devices which the Pentagraphic Brethren \* of the brush have shewn in taking copies.—These, you must know, are your great historians.

One of these you will see drawing a full-length character *against the light*;—that's

\* Pentagraph, an instrument to copy prints and Pictures mechanically, and in any proportion.

illiberal,—dishonest,—and hard upon the character of the man who sits.

Others, to mend the matter, will make a drawing of you in the *Camera* ;—that is most unfair of all,—because, *there* you are sure to be represented in some of your most ridiculous attitudes.

To avoid all and every one of these errors, in giving you my uncle *Toby's* character, I am determined to draw it by no mechanical help whatever ;—nor shall my pencil be guided by any one wind instrument which ever was blown upon, either on this, or on the other side of the *Alps* ;—nor will I consider either his repletions or his discharges ;—or touch upon his Non-Naturals ;—but, in a word, I will draw my uncle *Toby's* character from his HOBBY-HORSE.

C H A P.



## C H A P. XXIV.

**I**F I was not morally sure that the reader must be out of all patience for my uncle *Toby's* character,——I would here previously have convinced him that there is no instrument so fit to draw such a thing with, as that which I have pitch'd upon.

A man and his **HOBBY-HORSE**, tho' I cannot say that they act and re-act exactly after the same manner in which the soul and body do upon each other: Yet doubtless there is a communication between them of some kind; and my opinion rather is, that there is something in it more of the manner of electrified bodies,——and that by means of the heated parts of the rider, which come immediately into contact with the back of the **HOBBY-HORSE**.—By long journies and much fricti-

on, it so happens, that the body of the rider is at length fill'd as full of HOBBY-HORSICAL matter as it can hold;—so that if you are able to give but a clear description of the nature of the one, you may form a pretty exact notion of the genius and character of the other.

Now the HOBBY-HORSE which my uncle *Toby* always rode upon, was, in my opinion, an HOBBY-HORSE well worth giving a description of, if it was only upon the score of his great singularity; for you might have travelled from *York* to *Dover*,—from *Dover* to *Penzance* in *Cornwall*, and from *Penzance* to *York* back again, and not have seen such another upon the road; or if you had seen such a one, whatever haste you had been in, you must infallibly have stopp'd to have taken a view of him. Indeed, the gait and figure of him was so strange, and so utterly unlike

was

was he, from his head to his tail, to any one of the whole species, that it was now and then made a matter of dispute,—whether he was really a HOBBY-HORSE or no: But as the Philosopher would use no other argument to the Sceptic, who disputed with him against the reality of motion, save that of rising up upon his legs, and walking a-cross the room; so would my uncle *Toby* use no other argument to prove his HOBBY-HORSE was a HOBBY-HORSE indeed, but by getting upon his back and riding him about;—leaving the world, after that, to determine the point as it thought fit.

In good truth, my uncle *Toby* mounted him with so much pleasure, and he carried my uncle *Toby* so well,—that he troubled his head very little with what the world either said or thought about it.

It is now high time, however, that I give you a description of him ;—But to go on regularly, I only beg you will give me leave to acquaint you first, how my uncle *Toby* came by him.

## CHAP. XXV.

**T**HE wounds in my uncle *Toby's* groin, which he received at the siege of *Namur*, rendering him unfit for the service, it was thought expedient he should return to *England*, in order, if possible, to be set to rights.

He was four years totally confined,—part of it to his bed, and all of it to his room ; and in the course of his cure, which was all that time in hand, suffer'd unspeakable miseries,—owing to a succession of exfoliation from the *os pubis*, and the outward edge of that part of the *coxendix* called the *os illeum*,—

both

both which bones were dismally crush'd, as much by the irregularity of the stone, which I told you was broke off the parapet,—as by its size,—(tho' it was pretty large) which inclined the surgeon all along to think, that the great injury which it had done my uncle *Toby's* groin, was more owing to the gravity of the stone itself, than to the projectile force of it,—which he would often tell him was a great happiness.

My father at that time was just beginning business in *London*, and had taken a house;—and as the truest friendship and cordiality subsisted between the two brothers,—and that my father thought my uncle *Toby* could no where be so well nursed and taken care of as in his own house,—he assign'd him the very best apartment in it.—And what was a much more sincere mark of his affections still, he would never suffer a friend or an acquaintance to step into the house on any occasion,  
but

but he would take him by the hand, and lead him up stairs to see his brother *Toby*, and chat an hour by his bed-side.

The history of a soldier's wound beguiles the pain of it ;—my uncle's visitors at least thought so, and in their daily calls upon him, from the courtesy arising out of that belief, they would frequently turn the discourse to that subject,—and from that subject the discourse would generally roll on to the siege itself.

These conversations were infinitely kind; and my uncle *Toby* received great relief from them, and would have received much more but that they brought him into some unforeseen perplexities, which for three months together, retarded his cure greatly; and if he had not hit upon an expedient to extricate himself out of them, I verily believe they would have laid him in his grave.

What



What these perplexities of my uncle *Toby* were,—'tis impossible for you to guess;—if you could,—I should blush; not as a relation,—not as a man,—nor even as a woman,—but I should blush as an author; inasmuch as I set no small store by myself upon this very account, that my reader has never yet been able to guess at any thing. And in this, Sir, I am of so nice and singular a humour, that if I thought you was able to form the least judgment or probable conjecture to yourself, of what was to come in the next page,—I would tear it out of my book.

#### C H A P. XXVI.

**I** Have begun a new book, on purpose that I might have room enough to explain the nature of the perplexities in which my uncle *Toby* was involved, from the many discourses and interrogations about the siege of *Namur*, where he received his wound.

I must

I must remind the reader, in case he has read the history of King *William's* wars,—but if he has not,—I then inform him that one of the most memorable attacks in that siege, was that which was made by the *English* and *Dutch* upon the point of the advanced counterscarp, between the gate of *St. Nicolas*, which inclosed the great sluice or water-stop, where the *English* were terribly exposed to the shot of the counter-guard and demibastion of *St. Roch*: The issue of which hot dispute, in three words, was this; That the *Dutch* lodged themselves upon the counter-guard,—and that the *English* made themselves masters of the covered-way before *St. Nicolas's* gate, notwithstanding the gallantry of the *French* officers, who exposed themselves upon the glacis sword in hand.

As this was the principal attack of which my uncle *Toby* was an eye-witness at *Namur*,—the army of the besiegers being cut off,

by the confluence of the *Maes* and *Sambre*, from seeing much of each other's operations, —my uncle *Toby* was generally more eloquent and particular in his account of it; and the many perplexities he was in, arose out of the almost insurmountable difficulties he found in telling his story intelligibly, and giving such clear ideas of the differences and distinctions between the scarp and counterscarp, —the glacis and covered-way, —the half moon and ravelin, —as to make his company fully comprehend where and what he was about.

Writers themselves are too apt to confound these terms; so that you will the less wonder, if in his endeavours to explain them, and in opposition to many misconceptions, that my uncle *Toby* did oft-times puzzle his visitors, and sometimes himself too.

To speak the truth, unless the company my father led up stairs were tolerably clear-headed

headed, or my uncle *Toby* was in one of his explanatory moods, 'twas a difficult thing, do what he could, to keep the discourse free from obscurity.

What rendered the account of this affair the more intricate to my uncle *Toby*, was this,—that in the attack of the counterscarp, before the gate of *St. Nicolas*, extending itself from the bank of the *Maes*, quite up to the great water stop,—the ground was cut and cross cut with such a multitude of dykes, drains, rivulets, and sluices, on all sides,—and he would get so sadly bewildered and set fast amongst them, that frequently he could neither get backwards or forwards to save his life; and was oft-times obliged to give up the attack upon that very account only.

These perplexing rebuffs gave my uncle *Toby Shandy* more perturbations than you would imagine; and as my father's kindness

to him was continually dragging up fresh friends and fresh enquirers,——he had but a very uneasy task of it.

No doubt my uncle *Toby* had great command of himself,—and could guard appearances, I believe, as well as most men ;——yet any one may imagine, that when he could not retreat out of the ravelin without getting into the half moon, or getting out of the covered-way without falling down the counterscarp, nor cross the dyke without danger of slipping into the ditch, but that he must have fretted and fumed inwardly :—He did so ;—and the little and hourly vexations, which may seem trifling and of no account to the man who has not read *Hippocrates*, yet, whoever has read *Hippocrates*, or Dr. *James Mackenzie*, and has considered well the effects which the passions and affections of the mind have upon the digestion,—(Why not of a wound as well as of a dinner ?)—may easily conceive what  
sharp

sharp paroxisms and exacerbations of his wound my uncle *Toby* must have undergone upon that score only.

—My uncle *Toby* could not philosophize upon it ;—’twas enough he felt it was so,—and having sustained the pain and sorrows of it for three months together, he was resolved some way or other to extricate himself.

He was one morning lying upon his back in his bed, the anguish and nature of the wound upon his groin suffering him to lye in no other position, when a thought came into his head, that if he could purchase such a thing, and have it pasted down upon a board, as a large map of the fortification of the town and citadel of *Namur*, with its environs, it might be a means of giving him ease.—I take notice of his desire to have the environs along with the town and citadel, for this reason,—because my



my uncle *Toby*'s wound was got in one of the traverses, about thirty toises from the returning angle of the trench, opposite to the salient angle of the demi-bastion of *St. Roch*;—so that he was pretty confident he could stick a pin upon the identical spot of ground where he was standing in when the stone struck him;

All this succeeded to his wishes, and not only freed him from a world of sad explanations, but, in the end, it proved the happy means, as you will read, of procuring my uncle *Toby* his HOBBY-HORSE.

C H A P. XXVII.

THERE is nothing so foolish, when you are at the expence of making an entertainment of this kind; as to order things so badly; as to let your criticks and gentry of refined taste run it down: Nor is there any

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thing

thing so likely to make them do it, as that of leaving them out of the party, or, what is full as offensive, of bestowing your attention upon the rest of your guests in so particular a way, as if there was no such thing as a critick (by occupation) at table.

——I guard against both ; for, in the first place, I have left half a dozen places purposely open for them ;—and in the next place, I pay them all court.—Gentlemen, I kiss your hands, I protest no company could give me half the pleasure,—by my soul I am glad to see you,——I beg only you will make no strangers of yourselves, but sit down without any ceremony, and fall on heartily.

I said I had left six places, and I was upon the point of carrying my complaisance so far, as to have left a seventh open for them,—and in this very spot I stand on ; but being told  
by

by a Critick, (tho' not by occupation,—but by nature) that I had acquitted myself well enough, I shall fill it up directly, hoping, in the mean time, that I shall be able to make a great deal of more room next year.

———How, in the name of wonder ! could your uncle *Toby*, who, it seems, was a military man, and whom you have represented as no fool,—be at the same time such a confused, pudding-headed, muddle-headed, fellow, as—Go look.

So, Sir Critick, I could have replied; but I scorn it.——'Tis language unurbane,—and only befitting the man who cannot give clear and satisfactory accounts of things, or drive deep enough into the first causes of human ignorance and confusion. It is moreover the reply valiant,—and therefore I reject it; for tho' it might have suited my uncle *Toby's*

character as a soldier excellently well,—and had he not accustomed himself, in such attacks, to whistle the *Lillabullero*, as he wanted no courage, 'tis the very answer he would have given; yet it would by no means have done for me. You see as plain as can be, that I write as a man of erudition;—that even my families, my allusions, my illustrations, my metaphors, are crude, — and that I must sustain my character properly, and contrast it properly too, — else what would become of me? Why, Sir, I should be undone; — at this very moment that I am going here to fill up one place against a critick, — I should have made an opening for a couple.

—Therefore I answer thus :

Pray, Sir, in all the reading which you have ever read, did you ever read such a book as *Locke's Essay upon the Human Understanding*?

ing?—Don't answer me rashly,—because many, I know, quote the book, who have not read it,—and many have read it who understand it not:—If either of these is your case, as I write to instruct, I will tell you in three words what the book is.—It is a history.—A history! of who? what? where? when? Don't hurry yourself—It is a history-book, Sir, (which may possibly recommend it to the world) of what passes in a man's own mind; and if you will say so much of the book, and no more, believe me, you will cut no contemptible figure in a metaphysic circle.

But this by the way.

Now if you will venture to go along with me, and look down into the bottom of this matter, it will be found that the cause of obscurity and confusion, in the mind of a man, is threefold.

M 3

Dull

Dull organs, dear Sir, in the first place. Secondly, slight and transient impressions made by objects when the said organs are not dull. And thirdly, a memory like unto a sieve, not able to retain what it has received. —Call down *Dolly* your chamber-maid, and I will give you my cap and bell along with it, if I make not this matter so plain that *Dolly* herself should understand it as well as *Malbranch*.—When *Dolly* has indited her epistle to *Robin*, and has thrust her arm into the bottom of her pocket hanging by her right side; —take that opportunity to recollect that the organs and faculties of perception can, by nothing in this world, be so aptly typified and explained as by that one thing which *Dolly's* hand is in search of.—Your organs are not so dull that I should inform you,—'tis an inch, Sir, of red seal-wax.

When this is melted and dropped upon the letter, if *Dolly* fumbles too long for her thimble,



ble, till the wax is over hardened, it will not receive the mark of her thimble from the usual impulse which was wont to imprint it. Very well. If *Dolly's* wax, for want of better, is bees-wax, or of a temper too soft,—tho' it may receive,—it will not hold the impression, how hard soever *Dolly* thrusts against it; and last of all, supposing the wax good, and eke the thimble, but applied thereto in careless haste, as her Mistress rings the bell;—in any one of these three cases, the print, left by the thimble, will be as unlike the prototype as a brass-jack.

Now you must understand that not one of these was the true cause of the confusion in my uncle *Toby's* discourse; and it is for that very reason I enlarge upon them so long, after the manner of great physiologists,—to shew the world, what it did *not* arise from.

What it did arise from, I have hinted above, and a fertile source of obscurity it is, —and ever will be, —and that is the unsteady uses of words which have perplexed the clearest and most exalted understandings.

It is ten to one (at *Arthur's*) whether you have ever read the literary histories of past ages;—if you have,—what terrible battles, 'yclept logomachies, have they occasioned and perpetuated with so much gall and inkshed,—that a good-natured man cannot read the accounts of them without tears in his eyes.

Gentle critic ! when thou hast weighed all this, and consider'd within thyself how much of thy own knowledge, discourse, and conversation has been pestered and disordered, at one time or other, by this, and this only :  
 —What a pudder and racket in COUNCILS  
 about

about *virtù* and *virtùe*; and in the SCHOOLS of the learned about power and about spirit; —about effences, and about quintessences; —about substances, and about space.——

What confusion in greater THEATRES from words of little meaning, and as indeterminate a sense! when thou considerest this, thou wilt not wonder at my uncle *Toby*'s perplexities,—thou wilt drop a tear of pity upon his scarp and his counterscarp;—his glacis and his covered-way;—his ravelin and his half-moon: 'Twas not by ideas,——by heaven; his life was put in jeopardy by words.

#### C H A P. XXVIII.

**W**HEN my uncle *Toby* got his map of *Namur* to his mind, he began immediately to apply himself, and with the utmost diligence, to the study of it; for nothing being of more importance to him than his recovery,

covery, and his recovery depending, as you have read, upon the passions and affections of his mind, it behoved him to take the nicest care to make himself so far master of his subject, as to be able to talk upon it without emotion.

In a fortnight's close and painful application, which, by the bye, did my uncle *Toby's* wound, upon his groin, no good,—he was enabled, by the help of some marginal documents at the feet of the elephant, together with *Gobesius's* military architecture and pyroballology, translated from the *Flemish*, to form his discourse with passable perspicuity; and before he was too full months gone,—he was right eloquent upon it, and could make not only the attack of the advanced counterscarp with great order;—but having, by that time, gone much deeper into the art, than what his first motive made necessary, my uncle

cle *Toby* was able to cross the *Maës* and *Sambre*; make diversions as far as *Vauban's* line, the abbey of *Salsines*, &c. and give his visitors as distinct a history of each of their attacks, as of that of the gate of *St. Nicholas*, where he had the honour to receive his wound.

But the desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the acquisition of it. The more my uncle *Toby* pored over his map, the more he took a liking to it!—by the same process and electrical assimilation, as I told you, thro' which I ween the souls of connoisseurs themselves, by long friction and incumbition, have the happiness, at length, to get all be-virtu'd,—be-pictured, —be-butterflied, and be-fiddled.

The more my uncle *Toby* drank of this sweet fountain of science, the greater was the heat and impatience of his thirst, so that before

fore the first year of his confinement had well gone round, there was scarce a fortified town in *Italy* or *Flanders*, of which, by one means or other, he had not procured a plan, reading over as he got them, and carefully collating therewith the histories of their sieges, their demolitions, their improvements, and new works, all which he would read with that intense application and delight, that he would forget himself, his wound, his confinement, his dinner.

In the second year my uncle *Toby* purchased *Ramelli* and *Cataneo*, translated from the *Italian*;—likewise *Stevinus*, *Moralis*, the *Chevalier de Ville*, *Lorini*, *Cochorn*, *Sheeter*, the *Count de Pagan*, the *Marshal Vauban*, *Mons. Blondel*, with almost as many more books of military architecture, as *Don Quixote* was found to have of chivalry, when the curate and barber invaded his library.

Towards



Towards the beginning of the third year, which was in *August*, ninety-nine, my uncle *Toby* found it necessary to understand a little of projectiles:—and having judged it best to draw his knowledge from the fountain head, he began with *N. Tartaglia*, who it seems was the first man who detected the imposition of a cannon ball's doing all that mischief under the notion of a right line—This *N. Tartaglia* proved to my uncle *Toby* to be an impossible thing.

—————Endless is the Search of Truth.

No sooner was my uncle *Toby* satisfied which road the cannon-ball did not go, but he was insensibly led on, and resolved in his mind to enquire and find out which road the ball did go: For which purpose he was obliged to set off afresh with old *Maltus*, and studied him devoutly.—He proceeded next to  
*Gallileo*

*Gallileo* and *Torricellius*, wherein, by certain Geometrical rules, infallibly laid down, he found the precise Path to be a PARABOLA—or else an HYPERBOLA,—and that the parameter, or *latus rectum*, of the conic section of the said path, was to the quantity and amplitude in a direct *ratio*, as the whole line to, the sine of double the angle of incidence, formed by the breech upon an horizontal plane ;—and that the semiparameter, ————stop ! my dear uncle *Toby*———stop ! —go not one foot farther into this thorny and bewildered track,—intricate are the steps ! intricate are the mazes of this labyrinth ! intricate are the troubles which the pursuit of this bewitching phantom KNOWLEDGE, will bring upon thee.—O my uncle ; fly—fly, fly from it as from a serpent.——Is it fit ——good-natured man ! thou should'st sit up, with the wound upon thy groin, whole nights baking thy blood with hectic watchings ?

ings?—Alas! 'twill exasperate thy symptoms,—check thy perspirations—evaporate thy spirits,—waste thy animal strength,—dry up thy radical moisture,—bring thee into a costive habit of body,—impair thy health,—and hasten all the infirmities of thy old age.—O my uncle! my uncle *Toby*.

#### C H A P. XXIX.

**I** Would not give a groat for that man's knowledge in pen-craft, who does not understand this,—That the best plain narrative in the world, tacked very close to the last spirited apostrophe to my uncle *Toby*—would have felt both cold and vapid upon the reader's palate;—therefore I forthwith put an end to the chapter, though I was in the middle of my story.

———Writers of my stamp have one principle in common with painters. Where  
an

an exact copying makes our pictures less striking, we choose the less evil; deeming it even more pardonable to trespass against truth, than beauty. This is to be understood *cum grano-salis*; but be it as it will,—as the parallel is made more for the sake of letting the apostrophe cool, than any thing else,—'tis not very material whether upon any other score the reader approves of it or not.

In the latter end of the third year, my uncle *Toby* perceiving that the parameter and semi-parameter of the conic section angered his wound, he left off the study of projectiles in a kind of a huff, and betook himself to the practical part of fortification only; the pleasure of which, like a spring held back, returned upon him with redoubled force.

It

It was in this year that my uncle began to break in upon the daily regularity of a clean shirt,——to dismiss his barber unshaven,——and to allow his surgeon scarce time sufficient to dress his wound, concerning himself so little about it, as not to ask him once in seven times dressing, how it went on : when, lo !—all of a sudden, for the change was as quick as lightning, he began to sigh heavily for his recovery,——complained to my father, grew impatient with the surgeon ;——and one morning, as he heard his foot coming up stairs, he shut up his books, and thrust aside his instruments, in order to expostulate with him upon the protraction of the cure, which, he told him, might surely have been accomplished at least by that time ;——He dwelt long upon the miseries he had undergone, and the sorrows of his four years melancholy imprisonment ;——adding, that had it

not been for the kind looks and fraternal chearings of the best of brothers,——he had long since sunk under his misfortunes.——My father was by: My uncle *Toby's* eloquence brought tears into his eyes;——'twas unexpected;——My uncle *Toby*, by nature, was not eloquent; —— it had the greater effect——The surgeon was confounded; ——not that there wanted grounds for such, or greater, marks of impatience,——but 'twas unexpected too; in the four years he had attended him, he had never seen any thing like it in my uncle *Toby's* carriage; he had never once dropped one fretful or discontented word;—he had been all patience,——all submission.

—We lose the right of complaining sometimes by forbearing it;——but we often treble the force:——The surgeon was astonished; but much more so, when he heard my  
uncle



uncle *Toby* go on, and peremptorily insist upon his healing up the wound directly,—— or sending for Monsieur *Ranjat*, the king's serjeant-surgeon, to do it for him.

The desire of life and health is implanted in man's nature ;——the love of liberty and enlargement is a sister-passion to it: These my uncle *Toby* had in common with his species ;——and either of them had been sufficient to account for his earnest desire to get well and out of doors ;——but I have told you before, that nothing wrought with our family after the common way ;——and from the time and manner in which this eager desire shewed itself in the present case, the penetrating reader will suspect there was some other cause or crotchet for it in my uncle *Toby's* head :——There was so, and 'tis the subject of the next chapter to set forth what that cause and crotchet was. I

own, when that's done, 'twill be time to return back to the parlour fire-side, where we left my uncle *Toby* in the middle of his sentence.

### CHAP. XXX.

**W**HEN a man gives himself up to the government of a ruling passion,—or, in other words, when his HOBBY-HORSE grows head-strong,——farewel cool reason and fair discretion !

My uncle *Toby*'s wound was near well, and as soon as the surgeon recovered his surprize; and could get leave to say as much——he told him, 'twas just beginning to incarnate; and that if no fresh exfoliation happened, which there was no sign of,—it would be dried up in five or six weeks. The sound of as many Olympiads twelve hours

hours before, would have conveyed an idea of shorter duration to my uncle *Toby's* mind. —The succession of his ideas was now rapid,—he broiled with impatience to put his design in execution;—and so, without consulting farther with any soul living,—which, by the bye, I think is right, when you are predetermined to take no one soul's advice,—he privately ordered *Trim*, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dressings, and hire a chariot-and-four to be at the door exactly by twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would be upon 'Change —So leaving a bank-note upon the table for the surgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother's—he packed up his maps, his books of fortification, his instruments, &c. and by the help of a crutch, on one side, and *Trim* on the other,—my uncle *Toby* embarked for *Shandy-Hall*.

The reason, or rather the rise, of this sudden demigration, was as follows :

The table in my uncle *Toby's* room, and at which, the night before this change happened, he was sitting with his maps, &c. about him—being somewhat of the smallest, for that infinity of great and small instruments of knowledge which usually lay crowded upon it—he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco box, to throw down his compasses, and in stooping to take the compasses up, with his sleeve he threw down his case of instruments and snuffers ;—and as the dice took a run against him, in his endeavouring to catch the snuffers in falling,—he thrust Monsieur *Blondel* off the table, and Count *de Pagan* o'top of him.

'Twas to no purpose for a man, lame as my uncle *Toby* was, to think of redressing all these

these evils by himself,—he rung his bell for his man *Trim*;——*Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, prithee see what confusion I have here been making—I must have some better contrivance, *Trim*——Can’st not thou take my rule, and measure the length and breadth of this table, and then go and bespeak me one as big again?——Yes an’ please your Honour, replied *Trim*, making a bow; but I hope your Honour will be soon well enough to get down to your country-seat, where,—as your Honour takes so much pleasure in fortification, we could manage this matter to a T.

I must here inform you, that this servant of my uncle *Toby*’s, who went by the name of *Trim*, had been a corporal in my uncle’s own company,——his real name was *James Butler*,——but having got the nick-name of *Trim* in the regiment, my uncle *Toby*, unless when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been disabled for the service, by a wound on his left knee by a musket-bullet, at the battle of *Landen*, which was two years before the affair of *Namur* ;— and as the fellow was well beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow in the bargain, my uncle *Toby* took him for his servant ; and of an excellent use was he, attending my uncle *Toby* in the camp and in his quarters as valet, groom, barber, cook, sempster, and nurse ; and indeed, from first to last, waited upon him and served him with great fidelity and affection.

My uncle *Toby* loved the man in return, and what attached him more to him still, was the similitude of their knowledge. — For Corporal *Trim*, (for so, for the future, I shall call him) by four years occasional attention to his Master's discourse upon fortified towns, and the advantage of prying and peeping continually



ally into his Master's plans, &c. exclusive and besides what he gained HOBBY-HORSICALLY, as a body servant, *Non Hobby-Horsical per se*;—had become no mean proficient in the science; and was thought, by the cook and chamber-maid, to know as much of the nature of strong-holds as my uncle *Toby* himself.

I have but one more stroke to give to finish Corporal *Trim*'s character,—and it is the only dark line in it.—The fellow loved to advise,—or rather to hear himself talk; his carriage, however, was so perfectly respectful, 'twas easy to keep him silent when you had him so; but set his tongue a-going,—you had no hold of him;—he was voluble;—the eternal interlardings of *your Honour* with the respectfulness of Corporal *Trim*'s manner, interceding so strong in behalf of his elocution,—that though you might have  
 4 been

been incommoded,——you could not well be angry. My uncle *Toby* was seldom either the one or the other with him,—or, at least, this fault, in *Trim*, broke no squares with them. My uncle *Toby*, as I said, loved the man; —— and besides, as he ever looked upon a faithful servant,——but as an humble friend,——he could not bear to stop his mouth,——Such was Corporal *Trim*.

If I durst presume, continued *Trim*, to give your honour my advice, and speak my opinion in this matter.—Thou art welcome, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,——speak,——speak what thou thinkest upon the subject, man, without fear. Why then, replied *Trim*, (not hanging his ears, and scratching his head like a country-lout, but) stroking his hair back from his forehead, and standing erect as before his division,—I think, quoth *Trim*, advancing his left, which was his lame leg,

leg, a little forwards,——and pointing with his right hand open towards a map of *Dunkirk*, which was pinned against the hangings,——I think, quoth Corporal *Trim*, with humble submission to your Honour's better judgment,——that these ravelins, bastions, curtains, and hornworks, make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your Honour and I could make of it, were we in the country by ourselves, and had but a rood, or a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleased with: As summer is coming on, continued *Trim*, your Honour might sit out of doors, and give me the nography——(Call it ichnography, quoth my uncle,)——of the town or citadel, your Honour was pleased to sit down before,——and I will be shot by your Honour upon the glacis of it, if I did not fortify it to your Honour's mind——I dare say thou would'st, *Trim*, quoth my uncle.—

For

For if your Honour, continued the Corporal, could but mark me the polygon, with its exact lines and angles—That I could do very well, quoth my uncle.—I would begin with the fossé, and if your Honour could tell me the proper depth and breadth—I can to a hair's breadth, *Trim*, replied my uncle.—I would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town for the scarp,—and on that hand towards the campaign for the counterscarp.—Very right, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*.—And when I had sloped them to your mind,—an' please your Honour, I would face the glacis, as the finest fortifications are done in *Flanders*, with sods,—and as your Honour knows they should be,—and I would make the walls and parapets with sods too.—The best engineers call them gazons, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*.—Whether they are gazons or sods, is not much matter, replied *Trim*; your Honour knows they

they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or stone.—I know they are *Trim*, in some respects,—quoth my uncle *Toby*, nodding his head;—for a cannon ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbish down with it, which might fill the fossé, (as was the case at *St. Nicholas's Gate*) and facilitate the passage over it.

Your Honour understands these matters, replied Corporal *Trim*, better than any officer in his Majesty's service;—but would your Honour please to let the bespeaking of the table alone, and let us but go into the country, I would work under your Honour's directions like a horse, and make fortifications for you something like a tansy, with all their batteries, saps, ditches, and palisadoes, that it should be worth all the world's riding twenty miles to go and see it.

My

My uncle *Toby* blushed as red as scarlet as *Trim* went on;—but it was not a blush of guilt,——of modesty,——or of anger,——it was a blush of joy;——he was fired with Corporal *Trim*'s project and description.——  
*Trim*! said my uncle *Toby*, thou hast said enough.—We might begin the campaign, continued *Trim*, on the very day that his Majesty and the Allies take the field, and demolish them town by town as fast as—*Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, say no more.—Your Honour, continued *Trim*, might sit in your arm-chair (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would——Say no more, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*——  
 Besides, your Honour would get not only pleasure and good pastime,——but good air, and good exercise, and good health,——and your Honour's wound would be well in a month. Thou hast said enough, *Trim*,—quoth my uncle *Toby* (putting his hand into  
 his



his breeches-pocket)——I like thy project mightily.—And if your honour pleases, I'll, this moment, go and buy a pioneer's spade to take down with us, and I'll bespeak a shovel and a pick-ax, and a couple of——Say no more *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture,——and thrusting a guinea into *Trim's* hand,——*Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, say no more;—but go down, *Trim*, this moment, my lad, and bring up my supper this instant.

*Trim* ran down and brought up his master's supper,——to no purpose:——*Trim's* plan of operation ran so in my uncle *Toby's* head, he could not taste it.—*Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, get me to-bed.—'Twas all one.—Corporal *Trim's* description had fired his imagination,——my uncle *Toby* could not shut his eyes.—The more he considered it, the more bewitching the scene appeared to him;

him;—so that, two full hours before daylight, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal *Trim*'s decampment.

My uncle *Toby* had a little neat country-house of his own, in the village where my father's estate lay at *Sbandy*, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a small estate of about one hundred pounds a year. Behind this house, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-garden of about half an acre; and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew hedge, was a bowling-green, containing just about as much ground as Corporal *Trim* wished for;—so that as *Trim* uttered the words, "A rood and a half of ground to do what they would with,"—this identical bowling-green instantly presented itself, and became curiously painted all at once, upon the retina of my uncle *Toby*'s fancy;

cy ;—which was the physical cause of making him change colour, or at least of heightening his blush, to that immoderate degree I spoke of.

Never did lover post down to a beloved mistress with more heat and expectation, than my uncle *Toby* did, to enjoy this self-same thing in private ;—I say in private ;—for it was sheltered from the house, as I told you, by a tall yew hedge, and was covered on the other three sides, from mortal sight, by rough holly and thickset flowering shrubs ;—so that the idea of not being seen, did not a little contribute to the idea of pleasure preconceived in my uncle *Toby's* mind.—Vain thought ! however thick it was planted about, —or private soever it might seem, —to think, dear uncle *Toby*, of enjoying a thing which took up a whole rood and a half of ground, —and not have it known !

How my uncle *Toby* and Corporal *Trim* managed this matter,—with the history of their campaigns, which were no way barren of events,—may make no uninteresting under-plot in the epitafis and working-up of this drama.—At present the scene must drop, —and change for the parlour fire-side.

# C H A P. XXXI.

———What can they be doing, brother? said my father.——I think, replied my uncle *Toby*,—taking, as I told you, his pipe from his mouth, and striking the ashes out of it as he began his sentence;—I think, replied he—it would not be amiss, brother, if we rung the bell.

Pray, what's all that racket over our heads, *Obadiab*?—quoth my father;—my brother and I can scarce hear ourselves speak.

Sir,

Sir, answered *Obadiab*, making a bow towards his left shoulder,——my Mistress is taken very badly.——And where's *Susannah* running down the garden there, as if they were going to ravish her?——Sir, she is running the shortest cut into the town, replied *Obadiab*, to fetch the old midwife.——Then saddle a horse, quoth my father, and do you go directly for *Dr. Slop*, the man-midwife, with all our services,——and let him know your mistress is fallen into labour,——and that I desire he will return with you with all speed.

It is very strange, says my father, addressing himself to my uncle *Toby*, as *Obadiab* shut the door,——as there is so expert an operator as *Dr. Slop* so near,—that my wife should persist to the very last in this obstinate humour of hers, in trusting the life of my child, who has had one misfortune al-

ready, to the ignorance of an old woman ;  
 ——and not only the life of my child, brother,  
 ——but her own life, and with it the  
 lives of all the children I might, peradventure,  
 have begot out of her hereafter.

Mayhap, brother, replied my uncle *Toby*,  
 my sister does it to save the expence :—A  
 pudding's end,—replied my father,—the  
 doctor must be paid the same for inaction as  
 action,—if not better, — to keep him in  
 temper.

——Then it can be out of nothing in the  
 whole world, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in the  
 simplicity of his heart,—but MODESTY.—  
 My sister, I dare say, added he, does not  
 care to let a man come so near her \* \* \* \*.  
 I will not say whether my uncle *Toby*  
 had completed the sentence or not :—'tis  
 for his advantage to suppose he had,——as,  
 I think,



I think, he could have added no ONE WORD which would have improved it.

If, on the contrary, my uncle *Toby* had not fully arrived at the period's end,—then the world stands indebted to the sudden snapping of my father's tobacco-pipe, for one of the neatest examples of that ornamental figure in oratory, which Rhetoricians stile the *Aposiopesis*.—Just heaven ! how does the *Poco piu* and the *Poco meno* of the *Italian* artists;—the insensible MORE or LESS, determine the precise line of beauty in the sentence, as well as in the statue ! How do the slight touches of the chisel, the pencil, the pen, the fiddle-stick, *et cætera*,—give the true swell, which gives the true pleasure !—O my countrymen;—be nice;—be cautious of your language;—and never, O ! never let it be forgotten upon what small particles your eloquence and your fame depend.

——“My sister, mayhap,” quoth my uncle *Toby*, “does not choose to let a man “come so near her \* \* \* \*.” Make this dash,—’tis an *Aposiopesis*.—Take the dash away, and write *Backside*,——’tis *Bawdy*.—Scratch *Backside* out, and put *Cover’d-way* in,—’tis a *Metaphor*;—and, I dare say, as fortification ran so much in my uncle *Toby*’s head, that if he had been left to have added one word to the sentence,——that word was it.

But whether that was the case or not the case;——or whether the snapping of my father’s tobacco-pipe so critically, happened thro’ accident or anger,—will be seen in due time.

#### C H A P. XXXII.

**T**H O’ my father was a good natural philosopher,—yet he was something of a moral philosopher too; for which reason,

son, when his tobacco-pipe snapp'd short in the middle,—he had nothing to do, as such, but to have taken hold of the two pieces, and thrown them gently upon the back of the fire.—He did no such thing;—he threw them with all the violence in the world;—and, to give the action still more emphasis,——he started upon both his legs to do it.

This looking something like heat;—and the manner of his reply to what my uncle *Toby* was saying, proved it was so.

—“ Not choose,” quoth my father, (repeating my uncle *Toby*’s words) “ to let a  
“ man come so near her !”——By heaven, brother *Toby* ! you would try the patience of *Job* ;—and I think I have the plagues of one already, without it.——Why ? —Where ?  
——Wherein ?——Wherefore ?——Upon what account ? replied my uncle *Toby*, in the

utmost astonishment.—To think, said my father, of a man living to your age, brother, and knowing so little about women!—I know nothing at all about them,—replied my uncle *Toby*; and I think, continued he, that the shock I received the year after the demolition of *Dunkirk*, in my affair with widow *Wadman*;—which shock you know I should not have received, but from my total ignorance of the sex,—has given me just cause to say, That I neither know nor do pretend to know, any thing about 'em or their concerns either.—Methinks, brother, replied my father, you might, at least, know so much as the right end of a woman from the wrong.

It is said in *Aristotle's Master's Piece*, “That  
 “when man doth think of any thing which  
 “is past,—he looketh down upon the  
 “ground;—but that when he thinketh of  
 “some-

“ something that is to come, he looketh up  
 “ towards the heavens.”

My uncle *Toby*, I suppose, thought of neither, for he look'd horizontally.——Right end, quoth my uncle *Toby*, muttering the two words low to himself, and fixing his two eyes insensibly as he muttered them, upon a small crevice, formed by a bad joint in the chimney-piece.——Right end of a woman!——I declare, quoth my uncle, I know no more which it is than the man in the moon;——and if I was to think, continued my uncle *Toby*, (keeping his eye still fixed upon the bad joint) this month together, I am sure I should not be able to find it out.

Then, brother *Toby*, replied my father, I will tell you.

Every

Every thing in this world, continued my father (filling a fresh pipe)—every thing in this world, my dear brother *Toby*, has two handles.—Not always, quoth my uncle *Toby*.—At least, replied my father, every one has two hands,—which comes to the same thing.—Now, if a man was to sit down coolly, and consider within himself the make, the shape, the construction, com-at-ability, and convenience of all the parts which constitute the whole of that animal, called Woman, and compare them analogically.—I never understood rightly the meaning of that word,—quoth my uncle *Toby*.—

ANALOGY, replied my father, is the certain relation and agreement, which different  
 —Here a devil of a rap at the door snapped my father's definition (like his tobacco-pipe) in two,—and, at the same time, crushed the head of as notable and curious a dissertation



sertation as ever was engendered in the womb of speculation ;—it was some months before my father could get an opportunity to be safely delivered of it :—And, at this hour, it is a thing full as problematical as the subject of the dissertation itself, —(considering the confusion and distresses of our domestic misadventures, which are now coming thick one upon the back of another) whether I shall be able to find a place for it in the third volume or not.

#### C H A P. XXXIII.

**I**T is about an hour and a half's tolerable good reading since my uncle *Toby* rung the bell, when *Obadiah* was ordered to saddle a horse, and go for Dr. *Slop*, the man-midwife ;—so that no one can say, with reason, that I have not allowed *Obadiah* time enough, poetically speaking, and considering the emergency

mergency too, both to go and come ;——  
 tho', morally and truly speaking, the man  
 perhaps has scarce had time to get on his  
 boots.

If the hypercritic will go upon this ; and  
 is resolved after all to take a pendulum, and  
 measure the true distance betwixt the ringing  
 of the bell, and the tap at the door ;——and,  
 after finding it to be no more than two mi-  
 nutes, thirteen seconds, and three fifths,—  
 should take upon him to insult over me for  
 such a breach in the unity, or rather proba-  
 bility of time ;—I would remind him, that  
 the idea of duration, and of its simple modes,  
 is got merely from the train and succession of  
 our ideas,——and is the true scholastic pen-  
 dulum,——and by which, as a scholar, I  
 will be tried in this matter,——adjuring and  
 detesting the jurisdiction of all other pen-  
 dulum whatever.

I would

I would therefore, desire him to consider that it is but poor eight miles from *Sbandy-Hall* to Dr. *Slop*, the man-midwife's house;—and that whilst *Obadiah* has been going those said miles and back, I have brought my uncle *Toby* from *Namur*, quite across all *Flanders*, into *England*:—That I have had him ill upon my hands near four years;—and have since travelled him and Corporal *Trim* in a chariot-and-four, a journey of near two hundred miles down into *Yorkshire*;——all which put together, must have prepared the reader's imagination for the entrance of Dr. *Slop* upon the stage,——as much, at least (I hope) as a dance, a song, or a concerto between the acts.

If my hypercritic is intractable, alledging, that two minutes and thirteen seconds are no more than two minutes and thirteen seconds,——when I have said all I can about them;  
and

and that this plea, though it might save me dramatically, will damn me biographically, rendering my book from this very moment, a professed ROMANCE, which, before, was a book apocryphal:—If I am thus pressed—I then put an end to the whole objection and controversy about it all at once, —by acquainting him, that *Obadiah* had not got above threescore yards from the stable-yard before he met with Dr. *Slop*;—and indeed he gave a dirty proof that he had met with him, and was within an ace of giving a tragical one too.

Imagine to yourself;—but this had better begin a new chapter.

#### C H A P. XXXIV.

**I**Magine to yourself a little squat, uncourtly figure of a Doctor *Slop*, of about four feet and a half perpendicular height, with  
a breadth

a breadth of back, and a fufquipedality of belly, which might have done honour to a ferjeant in the horfe-guards.

Such were the out-lines of Dr. *Slop*'s figure, which,——if you have read *Hogarth*'s analyfis of beauty, and if you have not, I wifh you would;——you muft know, may as certainly be caracatured, and conveyed to the mind by three ftrokes as three hundred.

Imagine fuch a one,——for fuch, I fay, were the out-lines of Dr. *Slop*'s figure, coming slowly along, foot by foot, waddling thro' the dirt upon the vertebræ of a little diminutive pony, of a pretty colour,——but of ftrength,——alack!——fcarce able to have made an amble of it, under fuch a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition.——They were not.——Imagine to yourfelf, *Obadiah* mounted upon a ftiong monfter

ter of a coach-horse, pricked into a full gallop, and making all practicable speed the adverse way.

Pray, Sir, let me interest you a moment in this description.

Had Dr. *Slop* beheld *Obadiah* a mile off, posting in a narrow lane directly towards him, at that monstrous rate,—splashing and plunging like a devil thro' thick and thin, as he approached, would not such a phænomenon, with such a vortex of mud and water moving along with it, round its axis,—have been a subject of juster apprehension to Dr. *Slop* in his situation, than the *worst* of *Whiston's* comets?—To say nothing of the NUCLEUS; that is, of *Obadiah* and the coach-horse.—In my idea, the vortex alone of 'em was enough to have involved and carried, if not the doctor, at least the doctor's pony, quite  
away



away with it. What then do you think must the terror and hydrophobia of Dr. *Slop* have been, when you read (which you are just going to do) that he was advancing thus warily along towards *Shandy-Hall*, and had approached to within sixty yards of it, and within five yards of a sudden turn, made by an acute angle of the garden wall,—and in the dirtiest part of a dirty lane,——when *Obadiab* and his coach-horse turned the corner, rapid, furious,—pop,—full upon him!—Nothing, I think, in nature, can be supposed more terrible than such a rencounter,——so imprompt ! so ill prepared to stand the shock of it as Dr. *Slop* was.

What could Dr. *Slop* do?——He crossed himself + ——Pugh!——but the doctor, Sir, was a Papist.——No matter; he had better have kept hold of the pummel.——He had so;——nay, as it happened, he had better have done nothing at all; for in crossing

himself he let go his whip,——and in attempting to save his whip betwixt his knee and his saddle's skirt, as it slipped, he lost his stirrup,——in losing which he lost his seat;——and in the multitude of all these losses (which, by the bye, shews what little advantage there is in crossing) the unfortunate doctor lost his presence of mind. So that, without waiting for *Obadiah's* onset, he left his pony to its destiny, tumbling off it diagonally, something in the stile and manner of a pack of wool, and without any other consequence from the fall, save that of being left (as it would have been) with the broadest part of him sunk about twelve inches deep in the mire.

*Obadiah* pull'd off his cap twice to Dr. Slop;——once as he was falling,——and then again when he saw him seated,——Ill-timed complaisance;——had not the fellow better have stopped his horse, and got off and help'd him?

him?—Sir, he did all that his situation would allow;—but the MOMENTUM of the coach-horse was so great, that *Obadiab* could not do it all at once;—he rode in a circle three times round Dr. *Slop*, before he could fully accomplish it any how;—and at the last, when he did stop his beast, 'twas done with such an explosion of mud, that *Obadiab* had better have been a league off. In short, never was a Dr. *Slop* so beluted, and so transubstantiated, since that affair came into fashion.

#### C H A P. XXXV.

WHEN Dr. *Slop* entered the back-parlour, where my father and my uncle *Toby* were discoursing upon the nature of women,——it was hard to determine whether Dr. *Slop*'s figure, or Dr. *Slop*'s presence, occasioned more surprize to them; for as the accident happened so near the house, as not

to make it worth while for *Obadiab* to remount him,——*Obadiab* had led him in as he was, *untwiped, unappointed, unanealed*, with all his stains and blotches on him.——He stood like *Hamlet's* ghost, motionless and speechless, for a full minute and a half, at the parlour door (*Obadiab* still holding his hand) with all the majesty of mud. His hinder parts, upon which he had received his fall, totally besmeared,——and in every other part of him, blotched over in such a manner with *Obadiab's* explosion, that you would have sworn (without mental reservation) that every grain of it had taken effect.

Here was a fair opportunity for my uncle *Toby* to have triumphed over my father in his turn;——for no mortal, who had beheld Dr. *Slop* in that pickle, could have dissented from so much, at least, of my uncle *Toby's* opinion, “That may-hap his sifter might not care to  
“let

“let such a Dr. Slop come so near her  
 “ \* \* \* \* .” But it was the *Argumentum  
 ad hominem*; and if my uncle Toby was not  
 very expert at it, you may think, he might  
 not care to use it.—No; the reason was,  
 —’twas not his nature to insult.

Dr. Slop’s presence at that time, was no  
 less problematical than the mode of it; tho’  
 it is certain, one moment’s reflection in my  
 father might have solved it; for he had ap-  
 prized Dr. Slop but the week before, that my  
 mother was at her full reckoning; and as the  
 doctor had heard nothing since, ’twas natu-  
 ral and very political too in him, to have  
 taken a ride to *Shandy-Hall*, as he did, mere-  
 ly to see how matters went on.

But my father’s mind took unfortunately  
 a wrong turn in the investigation; running,  
 like the hypercritic’s, altogether upon the  
 ringing

ringing of the bell and the rap upon the door, —measuring their distance, and keeping his mind so intent upon the operation, as to have power to think of nothing else, —common-place infirmity of the greatest mathematicians! working with might and main at the demonstration, and so wasting all their strength upon it, that they have none left in them to draw the corollary, to do good with.

The ringing of the bell, and the rap upon the door, struck likewise strong upon the sensorium of my uncle *Toby*, —but it excited a very different train of thoughts; —the two irreconcilable pulsations instantly brought *Stevinus*, the great engineer, along with them, into my uncle *Toby's* mind. What business *Stevinus* had in this affair, —is the greatest problem of all: —It shall be solved, —but not in the next chapter.

C H A P.



## C H A P. XXXVI.

**W**Riting, when properly managed, (as you may be sure I think mine is) is but a different name for conversation. As no one, who knows what he is about in good company, would venture to talk all;—so no author, who understands the just boundaries of decorum and good breeding, would presume to think all: The truest respect which you can pay to the reader's understanding, is to halve this matter amicably, and leave him something to imagine, in his turn as well as yourself.

For my own part, I am eternally paying him compliments of this kind, and do all that lies in my power to keep his imagination as busy as my own.

'Tis

'Tis his turn now ;—I have given an ample description of Dr. *Slop*'s sad overthrow, and of his sad appearance in the back-parlour ;—his imagination must now go on with it for a while.

Let the reader imagine then, that Dr. *Slop* has told his tale ;—and in what words, and with what aggravations, his fancy chooses ;—Let him suppose, that *Obadiah* has told his tale also, and with such rueful looks of affected concern, as he thinks will best contrast the two figures as they stand by each other.—Let him imagine, that my father has stepped up stairs to see my mother.—And, to conclude this work of imagination—let him imagine the doctor washed,—rubbed down,—and condoled,—felicitated,—got into a pair of *Obadiah*'s pumps, stepping forwards towards the door, upon the very point of entering upon action.

Truce !

Trute!—truce, good Dr. *Slop*!—stay thy  
 obstetric hand;—return it safe into thy  
 bosom to keep it warm;—little dost thou  
 know what obstacles,——little dost thou  
 think what hidden causes retard its operation!  
 ——Hast thou, Dr. *Slop*,—hast thou been  
 intrusted with the secret articles of this so-  
 lemn treaty which has brought thee into this  
 place?—Are thou aware that at this instant,  
 a daughter of *Lucina* is put obstetrically over  
 thy head? Alas!—’tis too true.—Besides,  
 great son of *Pilumnus*! what canst thou do?  
 —Thou hast come forth unarm’d;—thou  
 hast left thy *tire tête*,—thy new-invented *for-*  
*ceps*,—thy *crotchet*,—thy *squirt*, and all thy  
 instruments of salvation and deliverance,  
 behind thee.—By heaven! at this moment  
 they are hanging up in a green bays bag, be-  
 twixt thy two pistols, at the bed’s head!—  
 Ring;—call;—send——*Obadiab* back up-

on the coach-horse to bring them with all speed.

—Make great haste, *Obadiah*, quoth my father, and I'll give thee a crown;—and quoth my uncle *Toby*, I'll give him another.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

